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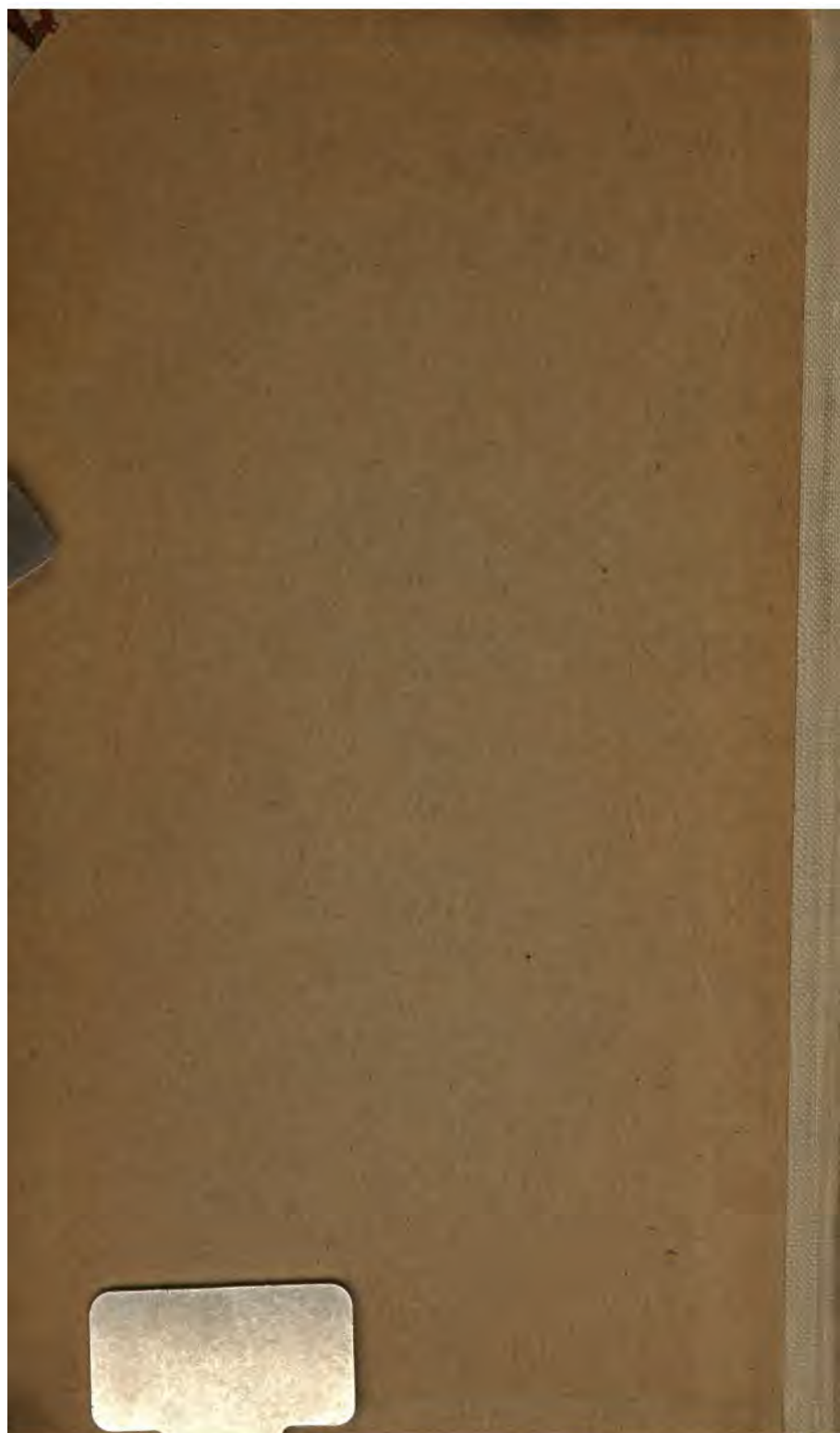
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THE
L I F E
OF
THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF
COMMON SENSE, RIGHTS OF MAN, AGE OF REASON,
LETTER TO THE ADDRESSERS, &c. &c.

BY
THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN.

To counteract foul SLANDER's lies,
And vindicate the good, and wise,
Has been my only aim ;
If skillless I've perform'd my part,
The error lies not with my HEART,
My HEAD 's alone to blame.

London :

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THOMAS CLIO RICKMAN,
UPPER MARY-LE-BONE STREET ;
AND TO BE HAD OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1819.

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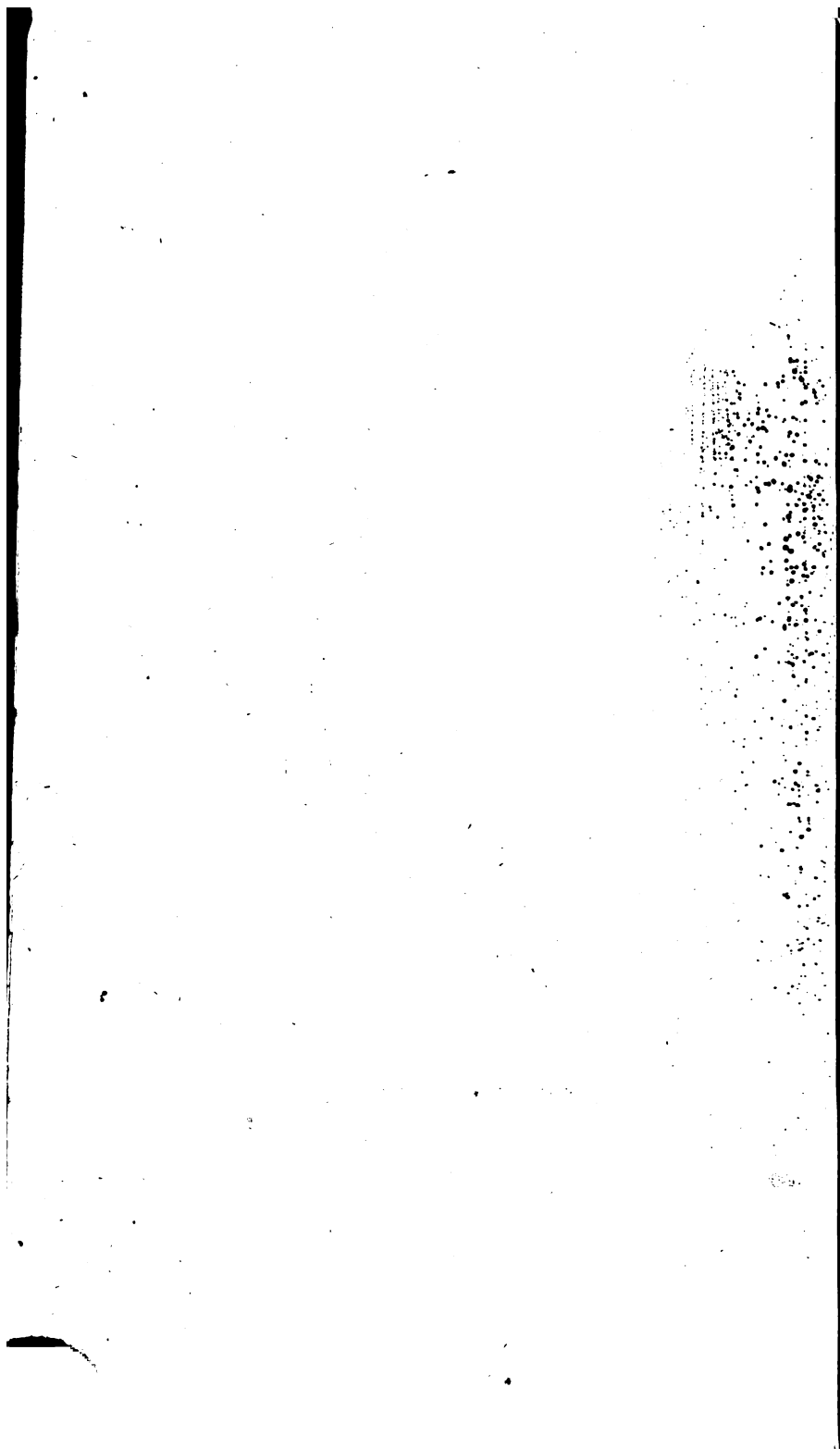
DEDICATION.

Celestial TRUTH! the guider of his pen
Whose Life I sketch, to THEE devoted solely
I dedicate my work; for who 'mongst men
Merits pre-eminence so pure, and holy?

O THOU! whose light enlarges every day,
May on the world thy full effulgence beam;
So PUBLIC RECTITUDE shall make its way,
So PRIVATE VIRTUE be no idle dream.

ORDER and BEAUTY follow in thy train,
And TASTE and HAPPINESS await on THEE;
Lift up thy voice aloud and all the VAIN,
And all the WRONG and all the FALSE shall flee.

Celestial TRUTH! thy blessings I implore,
Thy bright reward I seek, and seek no more.



PREFACE.

THE two following letters are so explanatory of the reasons why the publication of the life of Mr. PAINE has been so long delayed, and are so well calculated to excite the candor of the reader towards the work, that no apology is offered for making them a part of the preface.

" To the Editor of the Universal Magazine.

[November, 1811.]

" ON MR. CLIO RICKMAN'S
" SUPPOSED UNDERTAKING OF THE LIFE OF
" THOMAS PAINE.

" SIR,

" THE public has been, within the
" last year or two, led to expect a Life of the
" celebrated THOMAS PAINE, from the pen of
" Mr. CLIO RICKMAN, well known, on various

▲

“ accounts, to be more thoroughly qualified
 “ for that task than any other person in this
 “ country.

“ This information, however, I repeat as I
 “ received it, uncertain whether it came abroad
 “ in any authenticated shape; and can only
 “ add, that no doubt need be entertained of
 “ sufficient attention from the public in times
 “ like the present, to a well-written life of that
 “ extraordinary character, whose principles and
 “ precepts are at this moment in full operation
 “ over the largest and richest portion of the
 “ habitable globe, and which in regular process
 “ of time may, from the efficacious influence
 “ of the glorious principles of freedom, become
 “ the grand theatre of civilization.

“ I have often desired to make a commu-
 “ nication of this kind to your Magazine,
 “ but am particularly impelled thereto at this
 “ moment, from observing in some periodical
 “ publications devoted to political and religious
 “ bigotry, a sample of their usual sophistical
 “ accounts of the last moments of men who

“ have been in life eminent for the independ-
 “ ence and freedom of their opinions; but the
 “ whole that the bigot to whom I allude has
 “ been able to effect in the case of Mr. Paine,
 “ amounts to an acknowledgment that the phi-
 “ losopher died stedfast to those opinions of
 “ religion in which he had lived; and the dis-
 “ appointment is plain enough to be seen, that
 “ similar forgeries could not, with any prospect
 “ of success, be circulated concerning Paine’s
 “ tergiversation and death - bed conversion,
 “ which were so greedily swallowed for a
 “ length of time by the gulls of fanaticism
 “ respecting Voltaire, D’Alembert, and others,
 “ until the Monthly Review, in the real spirit
 “ of philosophy, dispelled the imposition.

“ The late Life of Thomas Paine by Cheet-
 “ ham, of New York, gave rise to the above
 “ Magazine article. Cheetham humph! Now
 “ should it not rather be spelled CHEAT’EM,
 “ as applicable to every reader of that farrago
 “ of imposition and malignity, miscalled the
 “ Life of Paine.

VIII

“ Probably it may be but a travelling name
“ in order to set another book a-travelling, for
“ the purpose of scandalizing and maligning
“ the reputation of a defunct public man, in-
“ stead of the far more difficult task of con-
“ futing his principles.

“ Nothing can be more in course than this
“ conjecture, authorised indeed by the fol-
“ lowing fact, with which I believe the public
“ is, to this day, unacquainted; namely, that
“ Mr. Chalmers publicly at a dinner acknow-
“ ledged himself the author of that very silly
“ and insipid catchpenny, formerly sent abroad
“ under the misnomer of a ‘ Life of Thomas
“ Paine, by F. Oldys, of America.’

“ The chief view of this application is
“ to ascertain whether or not Mr. Rickman
“ really intends to undertake the work in
“ question.

“ I am, Sir, &c. &c.

“ POLITICUS.”

Universal Magazine, December 1811.

" MR. CLIO RICKMAN'S REPLY TO POLITICUS.

" Sir,

**" If you had done me the favour of
" a call, I would readily have satisfied all your
" enquiries about the Life of Mr. Paine.**

**" It is true I had the memoirs of that truly
" wise and good man in a great state of for-
" wardness about a year ago; but a series of
" the most severe and dreadful family distresses
" since that time have rendered me incapable of
" completing them.**

**" Tho an entire stranger to me (for I
" have not the least idea from whom the letter
" I am replying to came), I feel obliged to you
" for the liberal opinion therein expressed of
" me and of my fitness for the work.**

**" I have taken great pains that the life of
" my friend should be given to the world as**

“ the subject merits ; and a few weeks, when-
 “ ever I can sit down to it, will complete it.

“ Unhappily, Cheetham is the real name
 “ of a real apostate. He lived, when Mr.
 “ Paine was my inmate in 1792, at Man-
 “ chester, and was a violent and furious ido-
 “ later of his.

“ That Mr. Paine died in the full conviction
 “ of the truth of the principles he held when
 “ living I shall fully prove, and should have
 “ answered the contemptible trash about his
 “ death, so industriously circulated, but that
 “ the whole account exhibited on the face of
 “ it fanatical fraud ; and it was pushed for-
 “ ward in a mode and manner so ridiculous and
 “ glaringly absurd, as to carry with it its own
 “ antidote.

“ Such Christians would be much better
 “ employed in mending their own lives, and
 “ shewing in them an example of good man-
 “ ners and morals, than in calumniating the

“ characters and in detailing silly stories of the
 “ deaths of those deists who have infinitely
 “ outstripped them, in their journey thro
 “ life, in every talent and virtue, and in dif-
 “ fusing information and happiness among
 “ their fellow men.

“ I again beg the favour of a call, as the
 “ circumstances attached to the query of your’s,
 “ and the delays and hindrances, which are of
 “ a family and distressing nature, to the pub-
 “ lication of Mr. Paine’s life, are better adapted
 “ for private than public discussion.

“ I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

“ CLIO RICKMAN.”

It may not be necessary for me to premise
 any thing further than to say, that I affect not
 to rank with literary men, nor, as they rise,
 do I wish it; that authorship* is neither my

* See Preface to my “Poetical Scraps,” 2 vols. where
 this subject is further enlarged on.”

profession nor pursuit ; and that, except in an undeviating attention to truth, and a better acquaintance with Mr. Paine and his life than any other man, I am perhaps the most unfit to arrange it for the public eye.

What I have hitherto written and published has arisen out of the moment, has been composed on the spur of the occasion, inspired by the scenery and circumstances around me, and produced abroad and at home, amid innumerable vicissitudes, the hurry of travel, business, pleasure, and during a life singularly active, eventful and chequered.

Latterly too that life has been begloomed by a train of ills which have trodden on each other's heel, and which, added to the loss of my inspirer, my guide, my genius, and my muse ; of HER, the most highly qualified and best able to assist me, have rendered the work peculiarly irksome and oppressive.

In the year 1802, on my journey from France, I had the misfortune to lose my desk

of papers;—a loss I have never lamented more than on the present occasion. Among these were Mr. Paine's letters to me, particularly those from France in the most interesting years to Europe, 1792, 1793. Not a scrap of these, together with some of his poetry, could I ever recover.—By this misfortune the reader will lose much entertaining and valuable matter.

1819.

These memoirs have remained untouched from 1811 till now, and have not received any addition of biographical matter since. They were written by that part of my family who were at hand, as I dictated them; by those loved beings of whom death has deprived me, and from whom other severe ills have separated me. The manuscript, on these and many other accounts, awakens "busy meddling MEMORY," and tortures me with painful remembrances; and save that it is a duty I owe to the public and to the memory and character of a valued friend, I should not have set about its arrangement.

My heart is not in it. There are literary productions, which like some children, tho disagreeable to every body else, are still favorites with the parent: this offspring of mine is not of this sort, it hath no such affection.

Thus surrounded, and every way broken in upon by the most painful and harrassing circumstances, I claim the reader's candour; and I now literally force myself to the publication of Mr. Paine's Life, lest it should again be improperly done, or not be done at all, and the knowledge of so great and good a man be thereby lost to the world.

THE engraving of Mr. Paine, by Mr. Sharp, prefixt to this work is the only true likeness of him; it is from his portrait by Romney, and is perhaps the greatest likeness ever taken by any painter: to that eminent artist I introduced him in 1792, and it was by my earnest persuasion that he sat to him.*

* The large proofs of Mr. Paine sell at one guinea, and the large prints at half-a-guinea, to be had of the

Mr. Paine in his person was about five feet ten inches high; and rather athletic; he was broad shouldered, and latterly stooped a little.

His eye, of which the painter could not convey the exquisite meaning, was full, brilliant, and singularly piercing; it had in it the "muse of fire." In his dress and person he was generally very cleanly, and wore his hair cued, with side curls, and powdered, so that he looked altogether like a gentleman of the old French school.

His manners were easy and gracious; his knowledge was universal and boundless; in private company and among friends his conversation had every fascination that anecdote, novelty and truth could give it. In mixt company and among strangers he said little, and was no public speaker.

Thus much is said of him in general, and in this place, that the reader may the better bear us company in his Life.

publisher. The small ones, proofs at three and sixpence; and prints, at two and sixpence.

My dear friend,

* * * * *

* * * * *

I remain with
affection to you, your wife
and family - your friend,

Thomas Paine,

==

New York July 12. '06.

Eliza Rickman,

London.

LIFE OF THOMAS PAINE.

THE following memoirs of Mr. Paine, if they have no other merit, at least have that of being true.

Europe and America have for years been in possession of his works : these form the most important part of his life, and these are publicly sold and generally read ; nor will the spirit of enquiry and sound reasoning, which the publication of them is so well calculated to promote, be long confined to any part of the world ; for, to use his own words, “ An army of principles will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot. It will succeed where diplomatic management would fail. It is neither the Rhine, the Channel, nor the Ocean, that can arrest its progress. It will march on the horizon of the world, and it will conquer.”

“What manner of man” Mr. Paine was, his works will best exhibit, and from these his public, and much of his private character will be best ascertained. But, as solicitude about the life of a great man and an extraordinary writer is common to all, it is here attempted to be gratified.

The Life of Mr. Paine by Francis Oldys* was written seventeen years before Mr. Paine’s death; and was, in fact, drawn up by a person employed by a certain lord, and who was to have five hundred pounds for the job, if he calumniated and belied him to his lordship’s and the ministry’s satisfaction.

A continuation of this Life, printed at Philadelphia in 1796, is in the same strain as the above, and equally contemptible.

* “The Life of Thomas Pain, the Author of Rights of Man, with a Defence of his Writings, by Francis Oldys, A. M. of the University of Pennsylvania: — Dublin “printed.” This silly and contemptible book against Mr. Paine and his writings, which was calculated every way to injure him and them, tells a falsehood in the title page, to secure its sale, by inserting in it, “with a Defence of his Writings.”

A most vile and scandalous memoir of him, with the name of William Cobbett as the author, though we hope he was not so, appeared in London about the year 1795 with this motto:

“ A life that’s one continued scene

“ Of all that’s infamous and mean.”

Mr. James Cheetham’s Life of Mr. Paine, published at New York after Mr. Paine’s death in 1809, is a farrago of still more silly, trifling, false, and malicious matter. It is an outrageous attack upon him which bears, upon the face of it, idle gossiping, and gross misrepresentation.

The critique on this Life, in the British Review for June 1811, consists of more corrupt trash about Mr. Paine than even Cheetham’s book, and is in its style inflated and bombastic to a laughable excess. Whence this came, and for what purposes published, the candid will readily discern, and cannot but lament the too frequent abuse, both by the tongue and by the pen, of characters entirely unknown to those

who libel them, and by whom, if they were known, they would be approved and esteemed.

Indeed the whole of these works are so ridiculously overstrained in their abuse that they carry their own antidote with them.

The Life by Cheetham is so palpably written to distort, disfigure, mislead, and vilify, and does this so bunglingly, that it defeats its own purposes, and becomes entertaining from the excess of its laboured and studied defamation.

It is indeed "Guilt's blunder," and subverts all it was intended to accomplish. It is filled with long details of uninteresting American matter, bickering letters of obscure individuals, gossiping stories of vulgar fanatics, prejudiced political cant, and weak observations on theology.

It may be supposed, from my long and affectionate intercourse with Mr. Paine, that these

memoirs will have an opposite bias, and portray too flattering and exalted a character of him.

To this I reply, that I am not disposed to advocate the errors and irregularities of any man, however intimate with him, to suffer the partialities of friendship to prevent the due appreciation of character, or induce me to disregard the hallowed dictates of truth.

Mr. Paine was one of those men who,

Wise by some centuries before the croud,
Must by their novel systems, tho correct,
Of course offend the wicked, weak, and proud,
Must meet with hatred, calumny, neglect.

In his retirement to America, towards the close of his life, Mr. Paine was particularly unfortunate; for, as the author of the "Age of Reason," he could not have gone to so unfavorable a quarter of the world. A country, abounding in fanatics, could not be a proper one for him whose mind was bold, enquiring, liberal, and soaring, free from prejudice, and who from principle was a deist.

Of all wrath, fanatical wrath is the most intense ; nor can it be matter of surprise that Mr. Paine received from great numbers in America an unwelcome reception, and was treated with neglect and illiberality.

It is true on his return to that country in 1802, he received great attention from many of those who remembered the mighty influence of his writings in the gloomy period of the Revolution ; and from others who had since embraced his principles ; but these attentions were not, by many, long continued.

Thousands, who had formerly looked up to Mr. Paine as the principal founder of the Republic, had imbibed a strong dislike to him on account of his religious principles ; and thousands more, who were opposed to his political principles, seized hold of the mean and dastardly expedient of attacking those principles thro the religious feelings and prejudices of the people. The vilest calumnies were constantly vented against him in the public papers, and

the weak minded were afraid to encounter the popular prejudice.

The letter he wrote to General Washington also estranged him from many of his old friends, and has been to his adversaries a fruitful theme of virulent accusation, and a foundation on which to erect a charge of ingratitude and intemperance. It must certainly be confessed that his naturally warm feelings, which could ill brook any slight, particularly where he was conscious he so little deserved it, appear to have led him to form a somewhat precipitate judgment of the conduct of the American president, with regard to his (Mr. Paine's) imprisonment in France, and to attribute to design and wilful neglect what was probably only the result of inattention or perhaps misinformation; and under the influence of this incorrect impression he seems to have indulged, rather too hastily, suspicions of Washington's political conduct with respect to England. But surely some little allowance should be made for the circumstances under which he wrote; just

escaped from the horrors of a prison where he had been for several months confined under the sanguinary reign of Robespierre, when death strode incessantly through its cells, and the guillotine floated in the blood of its wretched inhabitants; and if, with the recollection of these scenes of terror fresh in his memory, and impressed with the idea that it was by Washington's neglect that his life had been thus endangered, he may have been betrayed into a style of severity which was perhaps not quite warranted, we can only lament, without attaching blame to either, that any thing jarring should have occurred between two men who were both staunch supporters of the cause of freedom, and thus have given the enemies of liberty occasion to triumph because its advocates were not more than mortal.

The dark and troublous years of the revolution having past away, and a government being firmly established, wealth possessed more influence than patriotism; and, a large portion of the people consisting of dissenters, fana-

ticism was more predominant than toleration, candour and charity.

These causes produced the shameful and ungrateful neglect of Mr. Paine in the evening of his days; of that Paine who by his long, faithful, and disinterested services in the Revolution, and afterwards by inculcating and enforcing correct principles, deserved, above all other men, the most kind and unremitting attention from, and to be held in the highest estimation by, the American people.

There were indeed a chosen and enlightened few, who, like himself "bold enough to be honest and honest enough to be bold," feeling his value, continued to be his friends to his last hour.

Paine was not one of the great men who live amid great events, and forward and share their splendour; he created them; and, in this point of view, he was a very superior character to Washington.

Far be it from me to derogate from the value of that great man; but it is presumed that he is more justly appreciated in the following epitaph, than in some longer essays towards characterizing him :

Important periods mark'd thy splendid life,
 With tyrant men and tyrant means at strife ;
 Tho ne'er in Europe, yet thy well-earn'd fame
 Throughout all Europe made revered thy name.
 Thus far is true, but truth must further tell,
 That lucky hits thy bright career befell ;
 Nor will thy shade this portraiture condemn,
 That great events made thee, and not thou them.

Mr. Paine having ever in his mind the services he had rendered the United States, of whose independence he was the principal author and means, it cannot be matter of wonder that he was deeply hurt and affected at not being recognized and treated by the Americans as he deserved, and as his labours for their benefit merited.

Shunned where he ought to have been caressed, coldly neglected where he ought to have been cherished, thrown into the back

ground where he ought to have been prominent, and cruelly treated and calumniated by a host of ignorant and canting fanatics, it cannot be a subject of surprise, though it certainly must of regret, that he sometimes, towards the close of life, gave into the too frequent indulgence of drinking, neglected his appearance, and retired, mortified and disgusted, from an ill-judging, unkind, unjust world, into coarse obscurity, and the association of characters in inferior life.

In this place it is absolutely necessary to observe, that during his residence with me in London in and about the year 1792, and in the course of his life previous to that time, he was not in the habit of drinking to excess; he was clean in his person, and in his manners polite and engaging; and ten years after this, when I was with him in France, he did not drink spirits, and wine he took moderately: he even objected to any spirits being laid in as a part of his sea stock, observing to me, that tho sometimes, borne down by public and private

affliction, he had been driven to excesses in Paris, the cause and effect would cease together, and that in America he should live as he liked, and as he ought to live.

That Mr. Paine had his failings is as true as that he was a man, and that some of them grew on him at a very advanced time of life, arising from the circumstances before detailed, there can be no doubt: but to magnify these, to give him vices he had not, and seek only occasions of misrepresenting and vilifying his character, without bringing forward the great and good traits in it, is cruel, unkind, and unjust.

“ Let those who stand take heed lest they fall.”—They too, when age debilitates the body and mind, and unexpected trials and grievances assail them, may give into errors that they now vauntingly value themselves in not having. Singularly blest are they who are correct in their conduct; they should be happy and thankful that they are so; and instead of calumnia-

ting and being hard upon, should compassionate those who are not.

The throwers of the first stone would indeed be few if the condition were complied with on which it should be cast. That Mr. Paine in his declining years drank more than he should have done, and that he was a little tinctured with avarice, is in some measure true; but, to these errors of his old age, we ought to oppose his being the principal agent in creating the government of the American States; and that thro his efforts millions have now the happiness of sitting at ease under their own vines and their own fig trees; his fair and upright conduct thro life, his honest perseverance in principles which he might have had immense sums for relinquishing, or for being silent about, his never writing for money or making his works matter of pecuniary advantage to himself, but, on the contrary, as will be exemplified in these memoirs, his firmness in resisting all such emolument and in not listening to the voice of the briber.

Even amidst the violent party abuse of the day there were cotemporary writers who knew how to appreciate Mr. Paine's talents and principles, and to speak of him as he deserved.*

* There were also public meetings held, and addresses to him from Nottingham, Norwich, &c. &c. from the Constitutional Society in London, to which belonged persons of great affluence and influence, and some of the best informed, best intentioned, and most exalted characters. From these and from many other bodies of men were published the highest testimonies of thanks and approbation of Mr. Paine and his political works. These addresses and the resolutions of the public meetings may be seen in the papers and hand bills of the day.—We subjoin two from Manchester and Sheffield.

“ MANCHESTER.—At a Meeting of the Manchester Constitutional Society, held this day, it was unanimously resolved,

“ That the thanks of this Society are due to Mr. Thomas Paine, for the publication of “ *his Second Part of the RIGHTS OF MAN, combining Principle and Practice,*”—a work of the highest importance to every nation under heaven; but particularly to this, as containing excellent and practicable plans for an immediate and considerable reduction of the public expenditure; for the prevention of wars; for the extension of our manufactures and commerce; for the education of the young; for the comfortable support of the aged; for the better maintenance of the poor of every

“ We are now,” says one of these, “ to
 “ treat of a real great man, a noble of nature,
 “ one whose mind is enlarged and wholly
 “ free from prejudice; one who has most use-

description; and finally, for lessening *greatly*, and *without delay*, the enormous load of taxes under which this country at present labours.

“ That this Society congratulate their countrymen at large on the influence which Mr. Paine’s publications appear to have had, in procuring the repeal of some oppressive taxes in the present session of parliament; and they hope that this adoption of a small part of Mr. Paine’s ideas *will be followed by the most strenuous exertions to accomplish a complete reform in the present inadequate state of the representation of the people*, and that the other great plans of public benefit, which Mr. Paine has so powerfully recommended, will be speedily carried into effect.

“ THOMAS WALKER, President.

“ Mar. 13, 1792.

“ SAMUEL JACKSON, Secretary.”

“ SHEFFIELD SOCIETY for Constitutional Information.

“ This Society, composed chiefly of the Manufacturers of Sheffield, began about four months ago, and is already increased to nearly TWO THOUSAND Members, and is daily increasing; exclusive of the adjacent towns and villages, who are forming themselves into similar societies.

“ Considering, as we do, that the want of knowledge and information in the general mass of the people; has exposed them to numberless impositions and abuses, the

“ fully and honourably devoted his pen to
 “ support the glorious cause of general liberty
 “ and the rights of man. In his reply to Mr.
 “ Burke’s miserable rhapsody in favour of op-

exertions of this Society are directed to the acquirement of useful knowledge, and to spread the same, as far as our endeavours and abilities can extend.

“ We declare that we have derived more true knowledge from the two works of Mr. THOMAS PAINE, entitled *RIGHTS OF MAN*, Part the *First* and *Second*, than from any other author on the subject. The practice as well as the principle of government is laid down in those works, in a manner so clear and irresistibly convincing, that this Society do hereby resolve to give their thanks to Mr. Paine for his two said publications entitled ‘*Rights of Man*,’ Part 1st and 2d. Also

“ Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Society be given to Mr. Paine for the affectionate concern he has shewn in his second work in behalf of the poor, the infant, and the aged; who, notwithstanding the opulence which blesses other parts of the community, are by the grievous weight of taxes rendered the miserable victims of poverty and wretchedness.

“ Resolved unanimously, That the thanks of this Society be given to J. HORNE TOOKE, Esq. for his meritorious support of our lawful privileges, as a firm advocate of our natural and just rights, the establishment of an equal representation of the people.

“ Resolved unanimously, That this Society, disdaining

“pression, popery, and tyranny, he has urged
 “the most lucid arguments, and brought forward truths the most convincing. Like a
 “powerful magician he touches with his wand
 “the hills of error and they smoke; the mountains of inhumanity and they melt away.”

“Had Thomas Paine,” says another most enlightened writer in 1795, in reply to Cheet-
 ham, Cobbett, Oldys, &c. “been nothing

to be considered either of a ministerial or an opposition party (names of which we are tired, having been so often deceived by both) do ardently recommend it to all their fellow citizens, into whose hands these resolutions may come, to confer seriously and calmly with each other, on the subject alluded to; and to manifest to the world, that the spirit of true liberty is a spirit of order; and that to obtain justice, it is consistent that we be just ourselves.

“Resolved unanimously, That these Resolutions be printed, and that a Copy thereof be transmitted to the ‘Society for Constitutional Information in London,’ requesting their approbation for twelve of our friends to be entered into their Society, for the purpose of establishing a connexion and a regular communication with that and all other similar societies in the kingdom.

“By order of the Committee,

“Mar. 14, 1792.

“DAVID MARTIN, Chairman.”

“ superior to a vagabond seaman, a bankrupt
 “ stay maker, a discarded exciseman, a porter
 “ in the streets of Philadelphia, or whatever
 “ else the insanity of Grub-street chooses to
 “ call him, hundreds of thousands of copies of
 “ his writing had never announced his name in
 “ every village on the globe where the English
 “ language is spoken, and very extensively
 “ where it is not; nor would the rays of royal
 “ indignation have illuminated that character
 “ which they cannot scorch.”

The following are the observations of Mr.
 Erskine, now Lord Erskine, when counsel for
 him on the prosecution against him for his
 work ‘ Rights of Man.’ “ Upon the mat-
 “ ter, which I hasten to lay before you, can
 “ you refuse in justice to pronounce, that from
 “ his education, from the accidents and habits
 “ of his life, from the time and circumstances
 “ attending it, and from every line and letter
 “ of the work itself and all his other writings
 “ before and ever since, his conscience and
 “ understanding (no matter whether errone-

" ously or not) were deeply and solemnly im-
 " pressed with the matters contained in his
 " book ; that he addressed it to the reason of
 " the nation at large, and not to the passions of
 " individuals ; and that in the issue of its influ-
 " ence he contemplated only what appeared
 " to him (though it may not to us) to be the
 " interest and happiness of England, and of the
 " whole human race? In drawing the one or
 " other of these conclusions, the book stands
 " first in order, and it shall speak for itself.

" Gentlemen, the whole of it is in evidence
 " before you, the particular parts arranged
 " having only been read by my consent upon
 " the presumption that on retiring from the
 " court you would carefully compare them
 " with the context, and all the parts with
 " the whole viewed together.

" You cannot indeed do justice without it.
 " The most common letter, even in the ordi-
 " nary course of business, cannot be read in
 " a cause to prove an obligation for twenty

“ shillings without the whole being read, that
“ the writer’s meaning may be seen without
“ deception. ’

“ But in a criminal charge only of four
“ pages and a half, out of a work containing
“ nearly two hundred, you cannot, with even
“ the appearance of common justice, pronounce
“ a judgment without the most deliberate and
“ cautious comparison. I observe that the
“ noble and learned judge confirms me in this
“ observation. But if any given part of a work
“ be legally explanatory of every other part
“ of it, the preface, *à fortiori*, is the most
“ material, because the preface is the author’s
“ own key to his writing; it is there that he
“ takes the reader by the hand and introduces
“ his subject; it is there that the spirit and
“ intention of the whole is laid before him
“ by way of prologue. A preface is meant by
“ the author as a clue to ignorant or careless
“ readers; the author says by it to every man
“ who chooses to begin where he ought,
“ look at my plan, attend to my distinctions,

“ mark the purpose, and limitations of the pur-
 “ pose, I lay before you. Let them, the ca-
 “ lumniators of Thomas Paine, now attend to
 “ his preface, where, to leave no excuse for
 “ ignorance or misrepresentation, he expresses
 “ himself thus: ‘ I have differed from some
 “ professional gentlemen on the subject of pro-
 “ secutions, and I since find they are falling
 “ into my opinion, which I will here state as
 “ fully but as concisely as I can. I will first
 “ put a case with respect to my law, and then
 “ compare it with a government, or with what
 “ in England is, or has been called, a consti-
 “ tution.’

“ It would be an act of despotism, or what
 “ in England is called arbitrary power, to
 “ make a law to prevent investigating the
 “ principles, good or bad, on which such a law
 “ or any other is founded. If a law be bad,
 “ it is one thing to oppose the practice of it,
 “ but it is quite a different thing to expose its
 “ errors, to reason on its defects, and to show
 “ cause why it should be repealed, or why

“ another ought to be substituted in its
“ place.

“ I have always held it an opinion (making
“ it also in practice) that it is better to obey
“ a bad law, making use at the same time of
“ every argument to show its errors and pro-
“ duce its repeal, than forcibly to violate it;
“ because the precedent of breaking a bad law
“ might weaken the force, and lead to a dis-
“ cretionary violation, of those which are
“ good.

“ The case is the same with principles and
“ forms of a government, or of what are called
“ constitutions, and the parts of which they
“ are composed.

“ It is for the good of nations, and not for
“ the emolument or aggrandisement of parti-
“ cular individuals, that government ought to
“ be established, and that mankind are at the
“ expence of supporting it. The defects of
“ every government and constitution, both as

“ to principle and form, must, on a parity of
 “ reasoning, be as open to discussion as the
 “ defects of a law ; and it is a duty every man
 “ owes to society to point them out : When
 “ those defects and the means of remedying
 “ them are generally seen by a nation, that
 “ nation will reform its government or its
 “ constitution in the one case, as the govern-
 “ ment repealed or reformed the law in the
 “ other.”

Mr. Erskine further says, “ In that great
 “ and calamitous conflict, the American war,
 “ Mr. Burke and Mr. Paine fought on the same
 “ field of reason together, but with very diffe-
 “ rent success. Mr. Burke spoke to a parlia-
 “ ment in England such as Sir G. Saville de-
 “ scribes it, that had no ears but for sounds
 “ that flattered its corruptions ; Mr. Paine, on
 “ the other hand, spoke to a people, reasoned
 “ with them, that they were bound by no sub-
 “ jection to any sovereignty further than their
 “ own benefits connected them ; and by these
 “ powerful arguments prepared the minds of

“ the American people for their glorious, just,
 “ and happy revolution.”

After this he very properly replies to those silly, heated people, who object to Mr. Paine's discussing the subject he so ably handles.

“ A subject which, if dangerous to be dis-
 “ cussed, he, Mr. Burke, should not have led
 “ to the discussion: for surely it is not to be
 “ endured that any private man is to publish
 “ a creed for a whole nation, to tell us we are
 “ not to think for ourselves, to impose his own
 “ fetters on the human mind, to dogmatise at
 “ discretion, and that no man shall sit down
 “ to answer him without being guilty of a
 “ libel; I assert, that, if it be a libel to mistake
 “ our constitution, to support it by means that
 “ tend to destroy it, and to choose the most
 “ dangerous season for the interference, Mr.
 “ Burke is that libeller, but not therefore the
 “ object of a criminal prosecution; for whilst
 “ I am defending the motives of one man I
 “ have neither right nor disposition to crimi-

" nate the motives of others. All I contend for
 " is a fact that cannot be controverted, viz.
 " that this officious interference was the origin
 " of Mr. Paine's book. I put my cause upon
 " its being the origin of it, the avowed origin
 " of it, as will abundantly appear from the
 " introduction and preface to both parts, and
 " throughout the whole body of the work ; nay
 " from the work of Mr. Burke himself, to
 " which both of them are answers."

Even Mr. Burke, writing on one of Mr.
 Paine's works, 'Common Sense,' says, " that ce-
 " lebrated pamphlet, which prepared the minds
 " of the people for independence."

The following extract is from Mrs. Charlotte
 Smith's 'Desmond,' a novel, for matter and
 manner, equalled by few, and which for the
 excellent sentiments it inculcates is worthy the
 reader's attention.

" In reading the book you sent me, which
 " I have yet had only time to do superficially,

“ I am forcibly struck by truths that either
“ were not seen before, or were by me, who
“ did not wish to acknowledge them, carefully
“ repressed; they sometimes are bluntly deli-
“ vered, but it is often impossible to refuse
“ immediate assent to those which appear the
“ boldest, impossible to deny that many others
“ have been acceded to, when they were spoken
“ by men to whose authority we have paid
“ a kind of prescriptive obedience, tho they
“ now have called forth such clamour and abuse
“ against the author of the ‘ Rights of Man.’
“ My other letters from England are filled with
“ accounts of the rage and indignation which
“ this publication has excited; I pique myself,
“ however, on having, in my former letter, cited
“ against Burke, a sentence of Locke which
“ contradicts, as forcibly as Paine has contra-
“ dicted, one of his most absurd positions. I
“ know that, where sound argument fails, abu-
“ sive declamation is always substituted, and
“ that it often silences where it cannot con-
“ vince. I know too that where the politics
“ are obnoxious, recourse is always had to per-

“sonal detraction; therefore wonder not that,
 “on your side of the water, those who are
 “averse to the politics of Paine will declaim
 “instead of arguing, and those who feel the
 “force of his abilities will vilify his private
 “life, as if that was any thing to the purpose.
 “I do however wonder that these angry anta-
 “gonists do not recollect that the clamour
 “they raise serves only to prove their fears,
 “and that if the writings of this man are, as
 “they would represent, destitute of truth and
 “sound argument, they must be quickly con-
 “signed to contempt and oblivion, and could
 “neither be themselves the subject of alarm,
 “or render their author an object of investi-
 “gation and abhorrence; but the truth is,
 “whatever may be his private life (with which
 “I cannot understand that the public have
 “any concern) he comes, as a political writer,
 “under the description given of a controvertist
 “by the acute author to whom Monsieur
 “D’Hauteville has so terrible an aversion:—
 “ ‘ Was there ever so abominable a fellow?
 “ ‘ He exposes truth so odiously, he sets before
 “ ‘ our eyes the arguments on both sides with
 “ ‘ horrible impartiality; he is so intolerably

“ ‘ clear and plain, that he enables people who
 “ ‘ have only common sense, to doubt, and
 “ ‘ even to judge.’ *Voltaire.*”

It would be unjust to omit the testimony of so great a man as Mr. Monroe* in Mr. Paine’s favour, especially as he knew our author thro many years, and was incapable of any thing less than a due appreciation of his character.

“ It is necessary for me to tell you how
 “ much all your countrymen, I speak of the
 “ great mass of the people, are interested in
 “ your welfare; they have not forgotten the
 “ history of their own revolution, and the dif-
 “ ficult scenes through which they passed; nor
 “ do they review its several stages without
 “ reviving in their bosoms a due sensibility
 “ of the merits of those who served them in
 “ that great and arduous conflict. The crime
 “ of ingratitude has not yet stained, nor I
 “ trust ever will stain, our national character.

* Elected President of America in 1817.

“ You are considered by them as not only
 “ having rendered important services in our
 “ own revolution, but as being on a more
 “ extensive scale the friend of human rights,
 “ and a distinguished and able advocate in
 “ favour of public liberty. To the welfare of
 “ Thomas Paine the Americans are not, nor
 “ can they be, indifferent.”

But Paine is now dead, the test of time
 must prove him, and the reader will I hope be
 gratified that I add the elegant and very appropriate
 language of my brother-in-law, Mr. Capel Lofft.

“ I have learnt that on the writings of men
 “ the grave is a severe and impartial critic;
 “ what deserves disesteem will have no long
 “ celebrity, but what has truth and social good
 “ for its principle, and has been the emanation
 “ of a powerful mind, under the influence of
 “ these motives has the germ of immortality;
 “ whatever of perishable frailty may adhere
 “ to it will soon drop into oblivion. The
 “ fleeting forms of error change in every ge-
 “ neration; a wrong is ever a confined and

“ a capricious taste. Nothing will generally
 “ and permanently please that does not derive
 “ itself from an higher origin. It is needless
 “ therefore to inveigh against the dead, those
 “ especially who have been poor, and perse-
 “ cuted, and traduced through life. Such, if
 “ they merit shame and neglect with posterity,
 “ must of course meet it. These are no impo-
 “ sing circumstances to create a false homage.
 “ But if they have deserved the esteem, the
 “ gratitude, the affectionate veneration of suc-
 “ ceeding ages, no satire, no invidious exag-
 “ gerated selection of their faults will check
 “ their career. The licensed cry that marks
 “ the commencement of their triumph will be
 “ hourly fainter, and its last hollow murmurs
 “ will have expired without ever reaching that
 “ temple in which their fame, its solemn pro-
 “ gress completed, must reside, while aught of
 “ human glory beams on the earth from the
 “ awful shrine. If men, in other respects of
 “ wisdom and virtue, have so far forgotten
 “ themselves as to aid the cry, those tutelary
 “ powers leave at such a moment the side of
 “ those whom at other times they have most
 “ favoured. They add force to the sacred

“ sound of just praise ; the din of their constant enemies, the hasty and eager clamour of their erring friends sink, lost and undistinguished, in the full harmonious acclaim.”

In the year 1795, in a letter to me Mr. Lofft thus writes, after objecting to the first part of the ‘ Age of Reason : ’ “ I am glad Paine is living : he cannot be even wrong without enlightening mankind ; such is the vigour of his intellect, such the acuteness of his research, and such the force and vivid perspicuity of his expressions.”

It has been a fashion among the enemies of Mr. Paine, when unable to cope with his arguments, to attack his style, which they charge with inaccuracy and want of elegance ; and some, even of those most friendly to his principles, have joined in this captious criticism. It had not, perhaps, all the meretricious ornaments and studied graces that glitter in the pages of Burke, which would have been so many obscurities in the eyes of that part of the community for whose perusal his writings

were principally intended, but it is singularly nervous and pointed; his arguments are always forcibly stated, nor does a languid line ever weary the attention of the reader. It is true, he never studied variety of phrase at the expense of perspicuity. His object was to enlighten, not to dazzle; and often, for the sake of more forcibly impressing an idea on the mind of the reader, he has made use of verbal repetitions which to a fastidious ear may perhaps sound unmusical. But although, in the opinion of some, his pages may be deficient in elegance, few will deny that they are copious in matter; and, if they sometimes fail to tickle the ear, they will never fail to fill the mind.

Distinctness and arrangement are the peculiar characteristics of his writings: this reflection brings to mind an observation once made to him by an American girl, that his head was like an orange—it had a separate apartment for every thing it contained.

Notwithstanding this general character of his writings, the bold and original style of thinking which every where pervades them

often displays itself in a luxuriance of imagery, and a poetic elevation of fancy, which stand unrivalled by the pages of our english classics.

Thomas Paine was born at Thetford in the county of Norfolk in England, on the 29th of January, 1736. His father Joseph Paine, who was the son of a small reputable farmer, followed the trade of a stay maker, and was by religious profession a quaker. His mother's maiden name was Frances Cocke, a member of the church of England, and daughter of an attorney at Thetford. 1737

They were married at the parish church of Euston, near Thetford, the 20th of June, 1734.

His father, by this marriage out of the society of quakers, was disowned by that community.

Baptism?

Mr. Paine received his education at the grammar school at Thetford, under the Revd. Wm. Knowles, master; and one of his school-

mates at that time was the late counsellor Mingay.

He gave very early indication of talents and strong abilities, and addicted himself, when a mere boy, to reading poetical authors; but this disposition his parents endeavoured to discourage.

When a child he composed some lines on a fly being caught in a spider's web, and produced, when eight years of age, the following epitaph on a crow which he buried in the garden :—

Here lies the body of John Crow,
Who once was high but now is low;
Ye brother Crows take warning all,
For as you rise, so must you fall,

At this school his studies were directed merely to the useful branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and he left it at thirteen years of age, applying, tho he did not like it, to his father's business for nearly five years.

In the year 1756, when about twenty years

of age, he went to London, where he worked some time in Hanover Street, Long Acre, with Mr. Morris, a noted stay maker.

He continued but a short time in London, and it is probable about this time made his seafaring adventure of which he thus speaks:
 “ At an early age, raw and adventurous, and
 “ heated with the false heroism of a master
 “ [Revd. Mr. Knowles, master of the grammar
 “ school at Thetford] who had served in a man
 “ of war, I began my fortune, and entered on
 “ board the Terrible, Captain Death. From
 “ this adventure I was happily prevented by
 “ the affectionate and moral remonstrances of a
 “ good father, who from the habits of his life,
 “ being of the quaker profession, looked on
 “ me as lost; but the impression, much as it
 “ affected me at the time, wore away, and I
 “ entered afterwards in the King of Prussia
 “ privateer, Captain Mender, and went with her
 “ to sea.”

This way of life Mr. Paine soon left, and about the year 1758 worked at his trade for near twelve months at Dover. In April 1759

he settled as a master stay maker at Sandwich; and the 27th of September following married Mary Lambert, the daughter of an exciseman of that place. In April 1760, he removed with his wife to Margate, where she died shortly after, and he again mingled with the crouds of London,

In July 1761, disgusted with the toil and little gain of his late occupation, he renounced it for ever, and determined to apply himself to the profession of an exciseman, towards which, as his wife's father was of that calling, he had some time turned his thoughts.

At this period he sought shelter under his father's roof at Thetford, that he might prosecute, in quiet and retirement, the object of his future course. Through the interest of Mr. Cocksedge, the recorder of Thetford, after fourteen months of study, he was established as a supernumerary in the excise, about the age of twenty-five.

In this situation at Grantham and Alford, &c. he did not continue more than two or

three years, when he relinquished it in August 1765, and commenced it again in July 1766.

In this interval he was teacher at Mr. Noble's academy in Leman Street, Goodman's Fields, at a salary of £25 a year. In a similar occupation he afterwards lived for a short time, at Kensington, with a Mr. Gardner.

I remember when once speaking of the improvement he gained in the above capacities and some other lowly situations he had been in, he made this observation : " Here I derived considerable information ; indeed I have seldom passed five minutes of my life, however circumstanced, in which I did not acquire some knowledge."

During this residence in London Mr. Paine attended the philosophical lectures of Martin and Ferguson, and became acquainted with Dr. Bevis of the Temple, a great astronomer. In these studies and in the mathematics he soon became a proficient.

In March 1768 he was settled as an excise-

man at Lewes, in Sussex, and there, on the 26th of March 1771, married Elizabeth Ollive, shortly after the death of her father, whose trade of a tobacconist and grocer he entered into and carried on.

In this place he lived several years in habits of intimacy with a very respectable, sensible, and convivial set of acquaintance, who were entertained with his witty sallies, and informed by his more serious conversations.

In politics he was at this time a Whig, and notorious for that quality which has been defined perseverance in a good cause and obstinacy in a bad one. He was tenacious of his opinions, which were bold, acute, and independent, and which he maintained with ardour, elegance, and argument.

At this period, at Lewes, the White Hart evening club was the resort of a social and intelligent circle who, out of fun, seeing that disputes often ran very warm and high, frequently had what they called the 'Headstrong Book.' This was no other than an old Greek

Homer which was sent the morning after a debate vehemently maintained, to the most obstinate haranguer of the Club: this book had the following title, as implying that Mr. Paine the best deserved and the most frequently obtained it.

THE
HEADSTRONG BOOK,
OR
ORIGINAL BOOK OF OBSTINACY,
WRITTEN BY
***** OF LEWES, IN SUSSEX,
AND REVISED AND CORRECTED BY
THOMAS PAINE.

EULOGY ON PAINE.

Immortal PAINE, while mighty reasoners jar,
We crown thee General of the Headstrong War;
Thy logic vanquish'd error, and thy mind
No bounds, but those of right and truth, confined,
Thy soul of fire must sure ascend the sky,
Immortal PAINE, thy fame can never die;
For men like thee their names must ever save
From the black edicts of the tyrant grave.

My friend Mr. Lee, of Lewes, in communicating this to me in September 1810, said
 “ This was manufactured nearly forty years ago,
 “ as applicable to Mr. Paine, and I believe you
 “ will allow, however indifferent the manner,
 “ that I did not very erroneously anticipate
 “ his future celebrity.”

During his residence at Lewes, he wrote several excellent little pieces in prose and verse, and among the rest the celebrated song on the death of General Wolfe, beginning

In a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat*—

It was about this time he wrote “ The Trial of Farmer Carter’s Dog Porter,” in the manner of a drama, a work of exquisite wit and humour.

In 1772 the excise officers throughout the kingdom formed a design of applying to parliament for some addition to their salaries.

* This and other of Mr. Paine’s poetical effusions, the reader will find at the close of this work.

Upon this occasion Mr. Paine, who by this time was distinguished amongst them as a man of talent, was fixed upon as a fit person, and solicited to draw up their case, and this he did in a very succinct and masterly manner. This case makes an octavo pamphlet, and four thousand copies were printed by Mr. Wm. Lee of Lewes: it is entitled "The Case of the Salary of the Officers of Excise, and Thoughts on the Corruption arising from the Poverty of Excise Officers." No application, however, notwithstanding this effort, was made to parliament.

In April 1774 the goods of his shop were sold to pay his debts.

As a grocer, he trafficked in exciseable articles, and being suspected of unfair practices was dismissed the excise after being in it twelve years. Whether this reason was a just one or not never was ascertained: it was however the ostensible one.

Mr. Paine might perhaps have been in the habit of smuggling, in common with his neigh-

bours; it was the universal custom along the coast, and more or less the practice of all ranks of people, from lords and ladies, ministers and magistrates, down to the cottager and labourer.

I cannot, while upon this subject, resist the republication of a letter of mine in October 1807

“ To the Editor of the Independent Whig.”

“ Sir,

“ If there are any characters more to be abhorred than others, it is those who inflict severe punishments against offenders and yet themselves commit the same crimes.

“ If any characters more than others deserve execration, exposure, and to be driven from among mankind, it is those governors of the people who break the laws they themselves make, and punish others for breaking.

“ Suffer me, Mr. Editor, thus to preface the following fact; fact I say, because I stand ready to prove it so.

“ When Admiral Duncan rendezvoused in the Downs with his fleet on the 8th of January 1806, the Spider lugger, Daniel Falara, master, was sent to Guernsey to smuggle articles for the fleet, such as wine, spirits, hair powder, playing cards, tobacco, &c. for the supply of the different ships.

“ At her arrival in the Downs, the ships’ boats flocked round her to unload her and her contraband cargo. A custom-house extra boat commanded by William Wallace, seeing the lugger, followed and took her; in doing which he did his duty.

“ On his inspecting the smuggled articles with which she was laden, he found a number of cases directed to Admiral Duncan, the Right Honble William Pitt, the heaven-born minister of England, and to the Right Honble Henry Dundas, Walmer Castle. In a few days, Wallace, the master of the custom-house cutter, received orders from government to give the lugger and her smuggled cargo up, on penalty of being dismissed the service, and these cases of smuggled goods were afterwards delivered

at the prime minister's, Mr. Pitt's, at Walmer Castle.

" Mr. Editor, read what follows, and repress your indignation if you can.

" There are now in Deal jail fourteen persons for trifling acts of smuggling compared to the above of the Right Honble William Pitt and the now Right Honble Lord Melville.

" The former were poor, and knew not how to live, the latter were most affluently and splendidly supported by the people; that is, they were paupers upon the generous public, towards whom they thus scandalously and infamously conducted themselves.

" I am, Sir,

" Your humble servant,

" CLIO RICKMAN."

As Mr. Paine's being dismissed the excise has been a favorite theme with his abusers it may be necessary here to relate the following fact.

At the time he was an exciseman at Lewes, he was so approved for doing his duty that Mr. Jenner, principal clerk in the Excise Office, London, had several times occasion to write letters from the Board of Excise thanking Mr. Paine for his assiduity in his profession, and for his information and calculations forwarded to the office.

In May following Mr. Paine and his wife separated by mutual agreement; articles of which were finally settled on the 4th of June. Which of them was in this instance in the wrong, or whether either of them was so, must be left undetermined; as on this subject no knowledge or judgment can be formed. They are now both removed, where, as we are told, none "are either married or given in marriage," and where, consequently, there can be no disagreements on this score.

This I can assert, that Mr. Paine always spoke tenderly and respectfully of his wife; and sent her several times pecuniary aid, without her knowing even whence it came.

So much has however been said on Mr. Paine having never cohabited with Miss Ollive, whom he married at Lewes, that if I were entirely to omit any mention of it, I might be charged with doing so because afraid to meet the subject, which forms, indeed, a very singular part of Mr. Paine's history.

That he did not cohabit with her from the moment they left the altar till the day of their separation, a space of three years, although they lived in the same house together, is an indubitable truth. It is also true, that no physical defect, on the part of Mr. Paine, can be adduced as a reason for such conduct.

I have in my possession the letters and documents on this subject,— Mr. Francis Wheeler's letters from Lewes of April 16, 1774, to Mr. Philip Moore, proctor in the Commons, and his reply of April 18, 1774; and from Dr. Manning of Lewes I have frequently heard a candid detail of the circumstances.

Well, of this curious fact in Mr. Paine's life, what is to be said? To make use of it

as a subject of reproach, abuse, and calumny, is absurd: it is one of those things in human life upon which we cannot come to any decision, and which might have been honourable as well as dishonourable to Mr. Paine, I think most probably the former, could every why and wherefore be known. But as this cannot be, the fact, for a fact it is, must be left for the reader's reflection; and I dare say if he is a candid one, it is not the only circumstance in life which he cannot understand, and upon which therefore he should not decide uncharitably.

Mr. Paine's answer upon my once referring to this subject was, "It is nobody's business
" but my own: I had cause for it, but I will
" name it to no one."

Towards the end of this year, 1774, he was strongly recommended to the great and good Dr. Franklin, "the favour of whose friendship," he says, "I possessed in England, and
" my introduction to this part of the world
" [America] was thro his patronage."*

* Crisis, No. 3.

Mr. Paine now formed the resolution of quitting his native country, and soon crossed the Atlantic; and, as he himself relates, arrived at Philadelphia in the winter, a few months before the battle of Lexington, which was fought in April 1775.

It appears that his first employment in the New World was with Mr. Aitkin a bookseller, as editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine*; and his introduction to that work, dated January 24th, 1775, is thus concluded: "Thus encompassed with difficulties, this first number of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine* entreats a favorable reception; of which we shall only say, that like the early snow-drop it comes forth in a barren season, and contents itself with foretelling the reader that choicer flowers are preparing to appear."

The following letter from Dr. Rush of Philadelphia it is presumed may not improperly be given here; but it should be remarked that this letter was written as late as July 1809, on purpose to be inserted in Cheetham's infamous *Life of Mr. Paine*, and under some prejudices,

as appears on the face of it, as well as at a period when every misrepresentation and calumny had been excited against him.

“ Philadelphia, July 17, 1809.

“ Sir,—

“ In compliance with your request, I send you herewith answers to your questions relative to the late Thomas Paine.

“ He came to Philadelphia in the year 1772* with a short letter of introduction from Dr. Franklin, to one of his friends.

“ His design was to open a school for the instruction of young ladies, in several branches of knowledge, which at that time was seldom taught in the schools of our country.

“ About the year 1773,† I met him acci-

* Dr. Rush is mistaken—it was 1774.

† 1775.

dentially in Mr. Aitkin's book-store, and was introduced to him by Mr. Aitkin. We conversed a few minutes, when I left. Soon afterwards I read a short essay with which I was much pleased, in one of Bradford's papers, against the slavery of the Africans in our country, and which I was informed was written by Mr. Paine. This excited my desire to be better acquainted with him. We met soon after this in Mr. Aitkin's book-store, where I did homage to his principles, and pen, upon the subject of the enslaved Africans.

“ After this, Mr. Aitkin employed him as the editor of his Magazine, with a salary of £25 currency a year. This work was well supported by him. His song upon the death of General Wolfe, and his reflections upon the death of Lord Clive, gave it a sudden currency which few works of that kind have since had in our country.

“ When the subject of American independence began to be agitated in general conversation, I observed the public mind to be loaded with an immense mass of prejudice and error

relative to it. Something appeared to be wanting to move them, beyond the ordinary short and cold addresses of newspaper publications.

“ At this time I called upon Mr. Paine, and suggested to him the propriety of preparing our citizens for a perpetual separation of our country from Great Britain, by means of a work of such length, as would obviate all the objections to it.* He seized the idea with avidity, and immediately began his famous pamphlet in favour of that measure. He read the sheets to me at my house, as he composed them. When he had finished them, I advised him to put them into the hands of Dr. Franklin, Samuel Adams, and the late Judge Wilson; assuring him at the same time, that they held the same opinion that he had defended.

“ The first of those gentlemen, and I be-

* I have always understood and still believe that this suggestion came originally from Mr. Paine himself; indeed Doctor Rush's letter is all through a little egotistical, and from the close of it, it may be seen he was also a man of prejudice.

lieve the second, saw the manuscript; but Judge Wilson being from home when Mr. Paine called upon him, it was not subjected to his inspection. No addition was made to it by Dr. Franklin, but a passage was struck out, or omitted, in the printing it, which I conceive to be one of the most striking in it: it was the following: 'A greater absurdity cannot be conceived than three millions of people running to their sea-coast every time a ship arrives from London, to know what portion of liberty they should enjoy.'

" A title only was wanted for this pamphlet before it was committed to press. Mr. Paine proposed to call it 'Plain Truth:' I objected to it, and suggested the title of 'Common Sense.' This was instantly adopted, and nothing now remained but to find a printer who had boldness enough to publish it. At that time there was a certain Robert Bell, an intelligent Scotch printer and bookseller in Philadelphia, whom I knew to be as high toned as Mr. Paine upon the subject of American independence. I mentioned the pamphlet to him, and he at once consented to run the risk of publishing

it. The author and the printer were immediately brought together, and 'Common Sense' burst from the press of the latter in a few days with an effect which has been rarely produced by types and paper in any age or country.

" Between the time of the publication of this pamphlet and the 4th of July 1776, Mr. Paine published a number of essays in Mr. Bradford's paper under the signature of 'The Forester,' in defence of the opinions contained in his 'Common Sense.'

" In the summer and autumn of 1776 he served as a volunteer in the American war under General Washington. Whether he received pay and rations I cannot tell. He lived a good deal with the officers of the first rank in the army, at whose tables his 'Common Sense' always made him a welcome guest. The legislature of Pennsylvania gave Mr. Paine £500 as an acknowledgment of the services he had rendered the United States by his publications. ←

" He acted as clerk to the legislature of Penn-

sylvania about the year 1780. I do not know the compensation he received for his services in that station. He acted a while as secretary of the Secret Committee of Congress, but was dismissed by them for publishing some of their secrets relative to Mr. Deane.

“ Mr. Paine’s manner of life was desultory: he often visited in the families of Dr. Franklin, Mr. Ritterhouse, and Mr. G. Clymer; where he made himself acceptable by a turn he discovered for philosophical as well as political subjects.

“ After the year 1776 my intercourse with Mr. Paine was casual. I met him now and then at the tables of some of our whig citizens, where he spoke but little, but was always in-offensive in his manner and conversation.

“ I possess one of his letters written to me from France upon the subject of the abolition of the slave trade. An extract from it was published in the Columbian Magazine.

“ I did not see Mr. Paine when he passed

thro Philadelphia a few years ago. His principles avowed in his 'Age of Reason' were so offensive to me that I did not wish to renew my intercourse with him.

" I have thus briefly and in great haste endeavoured to answer your questions.—Should you publish this letter, I beg my testimony against Mr. Paine's infidelity may not be omitted in it.

" From, Sir,

" Your's respectfully,

" BENJAMIN RUSH."

One cannot read the close of this letter without lamenting to see this hackneyed word "infidelity" so everlastingly misapplied to injure and vilify those against whom it is hurled. The word "infidelity" means only a disbelief of any opinion or any thing advanced, and may be with propriety applied to christians as not believing in deism, as well as to deists as not believing in christianity; so that all

sectarians and all believers are infidels to their opposing doctrines.

As it may amuse the reader to see Mr. Paine's style while editor of the *Pennsylvanian Magazine*, the following extract is given from one of his essays on the riches of the earth and the diligence necessary to discover them :

“ Tho Nature is gay, polite, and generous
 “ abroad, she is sullen, rude, and niggardly
 “ at home. Return the visit, and she admits
 “ you with all the suspicion of a miser, and all
 “ the reluctance of an antiquated beauty retired
 “ to replenish her charms. Bred up in antide-
 “ luvian notions, she has not yet acquired the
 “ european taste of receiving visits in her dress-
 “ ing room; she locks and bolts up her private
 “ recesses with extraordinary care, as if not
 “ only determined to preserve her hoards, but
 “ to conceal her age, and hide the remains of a
 “ face that was young and lovely before the
 “ days of Adam. He that would view Nature
 “ in her undress, and partake of her internal
 “ treasures, must proceed with the resolution
 “ of a robber, if not a ravisher: she gives no

“ invitations to follow her to the cavern. The
 “ external earth makes no proclamation of the
 “ interior stores, but leaves to chance and in-
 “ dustry the discovery of the whole. In such
 “ gifts as nature can annually recreate she is
 “ noble and profuse, and entertains the whole
 “ world with the interests of her fortunes, but
 “ watches over the capital with the care of a
 “ miser. Her gold and jewels lie concealed in the
 “ earth, in caves of utter darkness ; the hoards of
 “ wealth moulder in the chests, like the riches of
 “ the necromancer’s cell. It must be very plea-
 “ sant to an adventurous speculatist to make
 “ excursions into these gothic regions : in his
 “ travels he may possibly come to a cabinet
 “ locked up in some rocky vault whose treasures
 “ might reward his toil and enable him to shine
 “ on his return as splendidly as Nature herself.”

Soon after his return to America, as foreign
 supplies of gunpowder were stopt, he turned
 his attention to chemistry, and set his fertile
 talents to work in endeavouring to discover
 some cheap and expeditious method of furnish-
 ing Congress with saltpetre ; and he proposed
 in the *Pennsylvanian Journal*, Nov. 2, 1775,

the plan of a saltpetre association for voluntarily supplying the national magazines with gunpowder.

His popularity in America now increased daily, and from this era he became a great public character and an object of interest and attention to the world.

In 1776, on the 10th of January he published the celebrated and powerfully discriminating pamphlet 'Common Sense.'

Perhaps the greatest compliment that can be paid to this work is the effect it so rapidly had on the people, who had before no predisposition towards its principles, as may be gathered from Mr. Paine's own words.

" I found the disposition of the people such,
 " that they might have been led by a thread
 " and governed by a reed. Their attachment
 " to Britain was obstinate, and it was at that
 " time a kind of treason to speak against it;
 " they disliked the ministry but they esteemed
 " the nation. Their idea of grievance operated

“ without resentment, and their single object
 “ was reconciliation.”—*Crisis*, No. 7.

“ Independence was a doctrine scarce and
 “ rare, even towards the conclusion of the
 “ year 1775. All our politics had been founded
 “ on the hope or expectation of making the
 “ matter up, a hope which though general on the
 “ side of America, had never entered the head
 “ or heart of the British court.”—*Crisis*, No. 3.

Even Mr. Cheetham, whom no one will suspect of flattering Mr. Paine, thus forcibly describes the effects of ‘ Common Sense ’ on the people of America.

“ This pamphlet of forty octavo pages,
 “ holding out relief by proposing independence
 “ to an oppressed and despairing people, was
 “ published in January 1776; speaking a lan-
 “ guage which the colonists had felt, but not
 “ thought of. Its popularity, terrible in its
 “ consequences to the parent country, was
 “ unexampled in the history of the press.*

* “ Nothing could be better timed than this performance;

“ At first involving the colonists it was thought
 “ in the crime of rebellion, and pointing to a
 “ road leading inevitably to ruin, it was read
 “ with indignation and alarm; but when the
 “ reader, and every body read it, recovering
 “ the first shock, re-perused it, its arguments
 “ nourishing his feelings and appealing to his
 “ pride, re-animated his hopes, and satisfied his
 “ understanding, that ‘ Common Sense,’ backed
 “ by the resources and force of the colonies,
 “ poor and feeble as they were, could alone
 “ rescue them from the unqualified oppression

In union with the feelings and sentiments of the people it produced surprising effects,—many thousands were convinced, and led to approve, and long for separation from the mother country; tho that measure was not only a few months before foreign to their wishes, but the object of their abhorrence, the current suddenly became so much in its favour, that it bore down all before it.”—*Rumsay’s Rev. vol. 1. page 367, London, 1793.*

“ The publications which have appeared, have greatly promoted the spirit of independency, but no one so much as the pamphlet under the signature of ‘ Common Sense,’ written by Mr. Thomas Paine, an Englishman. Nothing could have been better timed than this performance: it has produced most astonishing effects.”—*Gordon’s Rev. vol. 2. page 78, New York, 1794.*

“ with which they were threatened. The unknown author, in the moments of enthusiasm which succeeded, was an angel sent from heaven to save from all the horrors of slavery by his timely, powerful, and unerring councils, a faithful but abused, a brave but misrepresented people.”— *Cheetham's Life of Paine*.*

‘Common Sense,’ it appears, was universally read and approved: the first edition sold almost immediately, and the second with very large additions was before the public soon after. On this production and some others, and his motives for writing, Mr. Paine thus remarks :

1

* When ‘Common Sense’ arrived at Albany the Convention of New York was in session: General Scott, a leading member, alarmed at the boldness and novelty of its arguments, mentioned his fears to several of his distinguished colleagues, and suggested a private meeting in the evening for the purpose of writing an answer. They accordingly met, and Mr. McKesson read the pamphlet thro. At first it was deemed both necessary and expedient to answer it immediately, but casting about for the necessary arguments they concluded to adjourn and meet again. In a few evenings they assembled, but so rapid was the change of opinion in the colonies at large in favour of independence, that they ultimately agreed not to oppose it.

“ Politics and self interest have been so
 “ uniformly connected that the world from be-
 “ ing so often deceived has a right to be suspi-
 “ cious of public characters. But with regard
 “ to myself I am perfectly easy on this head.
 “ I did not at my first setting out in pub-
 “ lic life, nearly seventeen years ago, turn my
 “ thoughts to subjects of government from mo-
 “ tives of interest; and my conduct from that
 “ moment to this proves the fact. I saw an
 “ opportunity in which I thought I could do
 “ some good; and I followed exactly what my
 “ heart dictated: I neither read books, nor
 “ studied other people’s opinions—I thought for
 “ myself. The case was this:

“ During the suspension of the old go-
 “ vernment in America, both prior to and
 “ at the breaking out of hostilities, I was
 “ struck with the order and decorum with
 “ which every thing was conducted, and im-
 “ prest with the idea that a little more than
 “ what society naturally performed was all the
 “ government that was necessary. On these
 “ principles I published the pamphlet ‘Com-
 “ mon Sense.’

“ The success it met with was beyond any
 “ thing since the invention of printing. I
 “ gave the copyright up to every state in the
 “ Union, and the demand run to not less than
 “ one hundred thousand copies, and I conti-
 “ nued the subject under the title of ‘ American
 “ Crisis,’ till the complete establishment of the
 “ American revolution.”

Further he says, “ It was the cause of Ame-
 “ rica that made me an author. The force
 “ with which it struck my mind made it
 “ impossible for me, feeling as I did, to be
 “ silent; and if in the course of seven years
 “ I have rendered her any service, I have
 “ added likewise something to the reputation
 “ of literature by freely and disinterestedly
 “ employing it in the service of mankind, and
 “ showing there may be genius without pros-
 “ titution.”

Owing to this disinterested conduct of Mr.
 Paine, it appears that tho the sale of ‘ Com-
 mon Sense’ was so great, he was in debt to the
 printer £29. 12s. 1d. This liberality and con-
 scientious discharge of his duty with respect

to his serviceable writings, as he called them, he adopted thro' life. "When I bring out my
 " poetical and anecdotal works," he would
 often say to me, "which will be little better
 " than amusing, I shall sell them; but I must
 " have no gain in view, must make no traffic of
 " my political and theological writings: they
 " are with me matter of principle, and not
 " matter of money: I cannot desire to derive
 " benefit from them, or make them the sub-
 " ject to attain it."

And twenty-seven years after the publication of 'Common Sense,' he thus writes to a friend. "As the French revolution advanced
 " it fixed the attention of the world, and drew
 " from the pen of Edmund Burke a furious attack;
 " this brought me once more on the public the-
 " atre of public politics, and occasioned my
 " writing a work that had the greatest run of
 " any ever published in the English language.
 " The principles in it were the same as those in
 " my former one. As to myself I acted in both
 " cases alike.

"I relinquished to the people of England

“ all profit, as I had done to those of America,
 “ from the work ; my reward existed in the am-
 “ bition of doing good, and in the independent
 “ happiness of my own mind. In my publica-
 “ tions I follow the rule I began, that is to
 “ consult with nobody, nor let any body see
 “ what I write till it appears publicly ;* were I
 “ to do otherwise the case would be that be-

* A ridiculous notion has been often broached, that Mr. Paine wrote not the works attributed to him ; or if he did, that he was greatly assisted : this silly stuff has been generally urged by his opponents, as if, even supposing it was so, it invalidated their matter, or in any way rendered them less true : the contrary is the fact, Mr. Paine was so tenacious on this subject that he would not alter a line or word, at the suggestion even of a friend.

I remember when he read me his letter to Dundas in 1792, I objected to the pun, Madjesty, as beneath him ; “Never mind,” he said, “they say Mad Tom of me, so I shall let it stand Madjesty.” I say not that his tenacity on this subject was not absurd ; but it affords the fullest contradiction to the opinion, that he ever had the least aid or assistance in his writings, or suffered the smallest alteration to be made in them by others.

If the reader will refer to the period in which Mr. Paine made use of this pun he will find that it could not have any allusion to the king's melancholy infirmity — he was one of the last men in the world to be guilty of any thing of the kind ; nor can it be supposed it is now brought forward but for the reason stated.

“ tween the timidity of some who are so afraid
 “ of doing wrong that they never do right, the
 “ puny judgment of others, and the despicable
 “ craft of preferring expedient to right, as if
 “ the world was a world of babies in leading
 “ strings, I should get forward with nothing.

“ My path is a right line, as strait and
 “ clear to me as a ray of light. The boldness
 “ (if they will have it so) with which I speak
 “ on any subject is a compliment to the person
 “ I address; it is like saying to him, I treat you
 “ as a man and not as a child. With respect to
 “ any worldly object, as it is impossible to dis-
 “ cover any in me, therefore what I do, and my
 “ manner of doing it, ought to be ascribed to a
 “ good motive. In a great affair, where the
 “ good of man is at stake, I love to work for
 “ nothing; and so fully am I under the influ-
 “ ence of this principle, that I should lose the
 “ spirit, the pride, and the pleasure of it, were
 “ I conscious that I looked for reward.”

In the course of this year, 1776, Mr.
 Paine accompanied the army with General
 Washington, and was with him in his retreat

from Hudson's River to the Delaware. At this period our author stood undismayed, amid a flying congress, and the general terror of the land. The Americans, he loudly asserted, were in possession of resources sufficient to authorize hope, and he laboured to inspire others with the same sentiments, which animated himself.

To effect this, on the 19th of December he published 'The Crisis,' wherein with a masterly hand he stated every reason for hope, and examined all the motives for apprehension.

This work he continued at various intervals, till the revolution was completely established: the last number appeared on the 19th of April, 1783, the same day a cessation of hostilities was proclaimed.

In 1777, congress unanimously and unknown to Mr. Paine, appointed him secretary in the foreign department; and from this time a close friendship continued between him and Dr. Franklin.

From his office went all letters that were officially written by congress: and the corre-

spondence of congress rested afterwards in his hands.

This appointment gave Mr. Paine an opportunity of seeing into foreign courts, and their manner of doing business and conducting themselves. In this office which obliged him to reside with congress wherever it fled, or however it was situated, Mr. Paine deserved the highest praise for the clearness, firmness, and magnanimity of his conduct. His uprightness and entire fitness for this office did not however prevent intrigue and interestedness, or defeat cabal; for a difference being fomented between congress and him, respecting one of their commissioners then in Europe, (Mr. Silas Deane) he resigned his secretaryship on the 8th of January, 1779, and declined, at the same time, the pecuniary offers made him by the ministers of France and Spain, M. Gerrard and Don Juan Mirralles.

This resignation of, or dismissal from his situation as secretary for foreign affairs, has been so variously mentioned and argued upon,

that the reader is referred to the tedious detail of it in the journals of the day, if he has patience to wade thro so much American temporary, and party political gossip. Mr. Paine's own account in his letter to congress shortly is, "I prevented Deane's fraudulent demand being paid, and so far the country is obliged to me, but I became the victim of my integrity."

The party junto against him say he was guilty of a violation of his official duty, &c.

And here I shall leave it, as the bickerings of parties in America, in the year 1779, cannot be worth an European's attention; and as to the Americans themselves they have various means by their legislatural records, registers of the day, and pamphlets, then and since, to go into the subject if they think it of importance enough.

About this time Mr. Paine had the degree of master of arts conferred on him by the university of Philadelphia; and in 1780, was chosen a member of the American Phi-

losophical Society, when it was revived by the legislature of the province of Pennsylvania.

In February 1781 Colonel Laurens, amidst the financial distress of America, was sent on a mission to France in order to obtain a loan, and Mr. Paine, at the solicitation of the colonel, accompanied him.

Mr. Paine, in his letter to congress, intimates that this mission originated with himself, and takes upon himself the credit of it.

They arrived in France the following month, obtained a loan of ten millions of livres, and a present of six millions, and landed in America the succeeding August with two millions and a half in silver. His value, his firmness, his independence, as a political character were now universally acknowledged; his great talents, and the high purposes to which he devoted them, made him generally sought after and looked up to; and General Washington was foremost to express the great sense he had of the excellence of his character, and the importance of his services; and would himself have pro-

posed to congress a great remuneration of them, had not Mr. Paine positively objected to it, as a bad precedent, and an improper mode.

In August 1782, he published his spirited letter to the Abbé Raynal; of this letter a very sensible writer observes, "that it displays an accuracy of judgment and strength of penetration that would do honour to the most enlightened philosopher. It exhibits proofs of knowledge so comprehensive, and discrimination so acute, as must in the opinion of the best judges place the author in the highest ranks of literature."

We shall here make a few extracts from this work, which will fully refute the malignant insinuations of his enemies, who represent him as totally destitute of the benefits resulting from a liberal education. The impartial reader need only attend to the ensuing extracts, which will abundantly convince him of the futility of such assertions, and prove our author's judgment as a critic, and his acquaintance with polite learning.

In the introduction to this letter are the following expressions: "There are few men
 " in any country who can at once, and without
 " the aid of reflection and revisal, combine
 " warm passions with a cool temper, and the
 " full expansion of imagination with the na-
 " tural and necessary gravity of judgment, so
 " as to be rightly balanced within themselves,
 " and to make a reader feel, fancy, and under-
 " stand justly at the same time. To call these
 " powers of the mind into action at once, in a
 " manner that neither shall interrupt, and that
 " each shall aid and invigorate the other, is
 " a talent very rarely possessed."

"It often happens that the weight of an
 " argument is lost by the wit of setting it off,
 " or the judgment disordered by an intem-
 " perate irritation of the passions; yet a certain
 " degree of animation must be felt by the
 " writer, and raised in the reader, in order
 " to interest the attention, and a sufficient
 " scope given to the imagination to enable
 " it to create in the mind a sight of the per-
 " sons, characters, and circumstances of the
 " subject; for without these, the judgment

“ will feel little or no excitement to office,
 “ and its determination will be cold, sluggish,
 “ and imperfect. But if either or both of the
 “ two former are raised too high, or heated
 “ too much, the judgment will be jostled from
 “ its seat, and the whole matter, however
 “ perfect in itself, will diminish into a pan-
 “ tomime of the mind, in which we create
 “ images that promote no other purpose than
 “ amusement.”

“ The abbé’s writings bear evident marks
 “ of that extension and rapidity of thinking,
 “ and quickness of sensation, which above all
 “ others require revision.”

In the course of the letter we find the fol-
 lowing admirable remarks on the Abbé Ray-
 nal’s writings :

“ In this paragraph the conception is lofty
 “ and the expressions elegant ; but the colour-
 “ ing is too high for the original, and the
 “ likeness fails through an excess of graces.”

“ To fit the powers of thinking and the

“ turn of language to the subject, so as to
 “ bring out a clear conclusion that shall hit the
 “ point in question and nothing else, is the true
 “ criterion of writing. But the greater part of
 “ the abbé’s writings, if he will pardon me the
 “ remark, appear to me uncentral, and burthened
 “ with variety. They represent a beautiful wil-
 “ derness without paths, in which the eye is
 “ diverted by every thing, without being par-
 “ ticularly directed to any thing, in which it is
 “ agreeable to be lost and difficult to find the
 “ way out.”

The following luminous passage on preju-
 dice, and the comparison drawn to illustrate
 it, exhibit at once the eloquence of the orator
 and the judgment of the philosopher.

“ There is something exceedingly curious in
 “ the constitution and operation of prejudice :
 “ it has the singular ability of accommodating
 “ itself to all the possible varieties of the human
 “ mind. Some passions and vices are but thinly
 “ scattered among mankind, and find only here
 “ and there a fitness of reception. But prejudice,
 “ like the spider, makes every where its home.

" It has neither taste nor choice of place, and all
 " that it requires is room. There is scarcely a
 " situation except fire and water, in which a
 " spider will not live; so let the mind be as
 " naked as the walls of an empty and forsaken
 " tenement, gloomy as a dungeon, or ornamented
 " with the richest abilities of thinking, let it be
 " hot, cold, dark, or light, lonely or inhabited,
 " still prejudice, if undisturbed, will fill it
 " with cobwebs, and live like the spider
 " where there seems nothing to live on. If
 " the one prepares her poisoning to her pa-
 " late, and her use, the other does the same,
 " and as several of our passions are strongly
 " characterized by the animal world, prejudice
 " may be denominated the spider of the
 " mind."

On the 29th of October he brought out
 his excellent letter to the Earl of Shelburne
 on his speech in the House of Lords, July
 the 10th, 1782.

To get an idea of the speech of this
 earl, it may not be necessary to quote more
 than the following sentence. " When Great

" Britain acknowledges American independence the sun of Britain's glory is set for ever."

" When the war ended," says Mr. Paine, " I went from Philadelphia to Bordentown on the east end of the Delaware, where I have a small place. Congress was at this time at Prince Town fifteen miles distant, and General Washington had taken his head quarters at Rocky Hill within the neighbourhood of congress for the purpose of resigning his commission, the object for which he had accepted it being accomplished, and of retiring to private life. While he was on this business he wrote me the letter which I here subjoin."

" Rocky Hill, Sept. 10, 1783.

" I have learned since I have been at this place that you are at Bordentown. Whether for the sake of retirement or economy I know not; be it for either, for both, or whatever it may, if you will come to this place and partake with me, I shall be exceedingly happy to see

you at it. Your presence may remind congress of your past services to this country, and if it is in my power to impress them command my best services with freedom; as they will be rendered cheerful by one who entertains a lively sense of the importance of your works, and who with much pleasure subscribes himself

“ Your sincere friend,

“ G. WASHINGTON.”

In 1785 congress granted Mr. Paine three thousand dollars for his services to the people of America, as may be seen by the following document.

“ Friday, August 26, 1785.

“ On the report of a committee consisting of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Petit, and Mr. King, to whom was referred a letter of the 13th from Thomas Paine;

“ Resolved, That the early, unsolicited, and continued labours of Mr. Thomas Paine, in explaining the principles of the late revolution, by ingenious and timely publications upon the nature of liberty and civil government, have

been well received by the citizens of these states, and merit the approbation of congress; and that in consideration of these services, and the benefits produced thereby, Mr. Paine is entitled to a liberal gratification from the United States."

" Monday, October 3, 1785.

" On the report of a committee consisting of Mr. Gerry, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Long, to whom were referred sundry letters from Mr. Thomas Paine, and a report on his letter of the 14th of September;

" Resolved, That the board of treasury take order for paying to Mr. Thomas Paine, the sum of three thousand dollars, for the considerations of the 23rd of August last." *Journals of Congress.*

The state of Pennsylvania, in which he first published 'Common Sense' and 'The Crisis,' in 1785, presented him, by an act of legislature, £500 currency. New York gave him the estate at New Rochelle in the county of Westchester, consisting of more than three hundred

acres of land in high cultivation: on this estate was an elegant stone house, 125 by 28 feet, besides out-houses: the latter property was farmed much to his advantage, during his long stay in Europe, by some friends, as will hereafter be more fully noticed.

Mr. Monroe, when ambassador in England, once speaking on this subject at my house, said that Mr. Paine would have received a very large remuneration from the state of Virginia, but that while the matter was before the assembly, and he was extremely popular and in high favour, he published reasons against some proceedings of that state which he thought improper, and thereby lost, by a majority of one, the high reward he would otherwise have received*; — a memorable instance of the independence of his mind, and of his attachment to truth and right above all other considerations. A conduct exactly oppo-

* This work was entitled 'Public Good, being an Examination of the Claim of Virginia to the vacant Western Territory.'

site to that of the pensioned Burke, whose venality cannot be better pointed out than in the following conversation with Mr. Paine, after dining together at the Duke of Portland's at Bulstrode.

Burke was very inquisitive to know how the Americans were disposed toward the king of England, when Mr. Paine, to whom the subject was an ungracious one, and who felt teased, related the following anecdote.

At a small town, in which was a tavern bearing the sign of the king's head, it was insisted on by the inhabitants that a memento so odious should not continue up; but there was no painter at hand, to change it into General Washington, or any other favorite, so the sign was suffered to remain, with this inscription under it—

This is the sign of the Loggerhead!

Burke, who at this moment was a concealed pensioner, tho a public oppositionist, replied peevishly, "Loggerhead or any other head, he

“ has many good things to give away, and I
 “ should be glad of some of them.”

This same Mr. Burke, in one of his speeches in the House of Commons, said, “ kings were naturally fond of low company,” and “ that many of the nobility act the part of flatterers; parasites, pimps, and buffoons,” &c.: but his character will be best appreciated, by reading Mr. Paine’s Letter to the Addressers.

In 1786 he published in Philadelphia ‘ Dissertation on Government, the Affairs of the Bank, and Paper Money,’ an octavo pamphlet of sixty-four pages. The bank alluded to is the bank of North America, of which he thus speaks:

“ In the year 1780, when the British army
 “ having laid waste the southern states, closed
 “ its ravages by the capture of Charlston, when
 “ the financial sources of congress were dried
 “ up, when the public treasury was empty, and
 “ the army of independence paralysed by want,
 “ a voluntary subscription for its relief was
 “ raised in Philadelphia. This voluntary fund,

“ amounting to three hundred thousand pounds,
 “ afterwards converted into a bank by the
 “ subscribers, headed by Robert Norris, sup-
 “ plied the wants of the army; probably the
 “ aids which it furnished enabled Washington
 “ to carry into execution his well-concerted
 “ plan against Cornwallis. Congress in the
 “ year 1781 incorporated the subscribers to the
 “ fund, under the title of the Bank of North
 “ America. In the following year it was fur-
 “ ther incorporated by an act of the Penn-
 “ sylvanian assembly.”

Mr. Paine liberally subscribed five hundred dollars to this fund.

After the establishment of the indepen-
 dence of America, of the vigorous and success-
 ful exertions to attain which glorious object
 he had been the animating principle, soul, and
 support; feeling his exertions no longer requi-
 site in that country, he embarked for France,
 and arrived at Paris early in 1787, carry-
 ing with him his fame as a literary man, an
 acute philosopher, and most profound poli-
 tician.

At this time he presented to the Academy of Sciences the model of a bridge which he invented, the principle of which has been since so highly celebrated and approved.

From Paris he arrived in England the 3d of September, just thirteen years after his departure for Philadelphia. Prompted by that filial affection which his conduct had ever manifested he hastened to Thetford to visit his mother, on whom he settled an allowance of nine shillings a week. Of this comfortable solace she was afterwards deprived by the bankruptcy of the merchant in whom the trust was vested.

Mr. Paine resided at Rotherham in Yorkshire during part of the year 1788, where an iron bridge upon the principle alluded to was cast and erected, and obtained for him among the mathematicians of Europe a high reputation. In the erection of this, a considerable sum had been expended, for which he was hastily arrested by the assignees of an American merchant, and thrown into confinement.

From this however, and the debt, he cleared himself in about three weeks.*

The publication of 'Mr. Burke's Reflections on the French Revolution' produced in reply from Mr. Paine his great, universally known, and celebrated work 'Rights of Man.' The first part of this work was written partly at the Angel at Islington, partly in Harding Street, Fetter Lane, and finished at Versailles. In February 1791 this book made its appearance in London, and many hundred thousand copies were rapidly sold.

In May following he went again to France, and was at Paris at the time of the flight of the king, and also on his return. On this memorable occasion he made this observation: "You see the absurdity of your system of government; here will be a whole nation disturbed by the folly of one man." Upon this subject also he made the following reply to the Marquis la Fayette who came into his

* More or less upon this plan of Mr. Paine's, the different iron bridges in Europe have been constructed.

bed-room before he was up, saying, "The birds
" are flown." "Tis well: I hope there will
" be no attempt to recall them."

On the 13th of July he returned to London, but did not attend the celebration of the anniversary of the French revolution the following day, as has been falsely asserted.

On the 20th of August he drew up the address and declaration of the gentlemen who met at the Thatched House Tavern. This address is so replete with wisdom and moderation that it is here subjoined,

" Address and Declaration* of the Friends of
Universal Peace and Liberty, held at the
Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street,
Aug. 20, 1791, by Thomas Paine, Author
of the Works entitled 'Common Sense'
and 'Rights of Man.'

" Friends and Fellow Citizens,

" At a moment like the present,
when wilful misrepresentations are industri-

* Vide Appendix to IId part of 'Rights of Man.'

ously spread by partizans of arbitrary power and the advocates of passive obedience and court government, we think it incumbent upon us to declare to the world our principles, and the motives of our conduct.

“ We rejoice at the glorious event of the French revolution. If it be asked, ‘ What is the French revolution to us?’ we answer as has been already answered in another place.* ‘ It is much—much to us as men; much to us ‘ as Englishmen. As men, we rejoice in the ‘ freedom of twenty-five millions of men. We ‘ rejoice in the prospect, which such a magnificent example opens to the world.’

“ We congratulate the French nation for having laid the axe to the foot of tyranny, and for erecting government on the sacred hereditary rights of man; rights which appertain to all, and not to any one more than another,

“ We know of no human authority superior to that of a whole nation; and we profess and

* Declaration of the volunteers of Belfast;

proclaim it as our principle that every nation has at all times an inherent indefesible right to constitute and establish such government for itself as best accords with its disposition, interest, and happiness.

“As Englishmen, we also rejoice, because we are immediately interested in the French revolution.

“Without inquiring into the justice on either side, of the reproachful charges of intrigue and ambition which the English and French courts have constantly made on each other, we confine ourselves to this observation, that if the court of France only was in fault, and the numerous wars which have distressed both countries are chargeable to her alone, that court now exists no longer, and the cause and the consequence must cease together. The French therefore, by the revolution they have made, have conquered for us as well as for themselves, if it be true that this court only was in fault, and ours never.

“On this state of the case the French re-

volution concerns us immediately: we are oppressed with a heavy national debt, a burthen of taxes, an expensive administration of government, beyond those of any people in the world.

“ We have also a very numerous poor; and we hold that the moral obligation of providing for old age, helpless infancy, and poverty, is far superior to that of supplying the invented wants of courtly extravagance, ambition, and intrigue.

“ We believe there is no instance to be produced but in England, of seven millions of inhabitants, which make but little more than one million families, paying yearly seventeen millions of taxes.*

“ As it has always been held out by the administrations that the restless ambition of the court of France rendered this expence necessary to us for our own defence, we consequently rejoice as men deeply interested in the

* Now nearly seventy millions!

French revolution, for that court, as we have already said, exists no longer, and consequently the same enormous expenses need not continue to us.

“ Thus rejoicing as we sincerely do, both as men and Englishmen, as lovers of universal peace and freedom, and as friends to our national prosperity and reduction of our public expences, we cannot but express our astonishment that any part of any members of our own government should reprobate the extinction of that very power in France, or wish to see it restored, to whose influence they formerly attributed (whilst they appeared to lament) the enormous increase of our own burthens and taxes. What, then, are they sorry that the pretence for new oppressive taxes, and the occasion for continuing many old taxes, will be at an end? If so, and if it is the policy of courts and court government to prefer enemies to friends, and a system of war to that of peace, as affording more pretences for places, offices, pensions, revenue and taxation, it is high time for the people of every nation to look with circumspection to their own interest,

“ Those who pay the expences, and not those who participate in the emoluments arising from them, are the persons immediately interested in inquiries of this kind. We are a part of that national body on whom this annual expence of seventeen millions falls; and we consider the present opportunity of the French revolution as a most happy one for lessening the enormous load under which this nation groans. If this be not done we shall then have reason to conclude that the cry of intrigue and ambition against other courts is no more than the common cant of all courts.

“ We think it also necessary to express our astonishment that a government desirous of being called FREE, should prefer connexions with the most despotie and arbitrary powers in Europe. We know of none more deserving this description than those of Turkey and Prussia, and the whole combination of German despots.

“ Separated as we happily are by nature from the tumults of the continent, we reprobate all systems and intrigues which sacrifice (and that too at a great expence) the blessings

of our natural situation. Such systems cannot have a natural origin.

“ If we are asked what government is, we hold it to be nothing more than a national association; and we hold that to be the best which secures to every man his rights and promotes the greatest quantity of happiness with the least expence. We live to improve, or we live in vain; and therefore we admit of no maxims of government or policy on the mere score of antiquity or other men’s authority, the old whigs or the new.

“ We will exercise the reason with which we are endued, or we possess it unworthily. As reason is given at all times, it is for the purpose of being used at all times.

“ Among the blessings which the French revolution has produced to that nation we enumerate the abolition of the feudal system, of injustice, and of tyranny, on the 4th of August, 1789. Beneath the feudal system all Europe has long groaned, and from it England is not yet free. Game laws, bo-

rough tenures, and tyrannical monopolies of numerous kinds still remain amongst us; but rejoicing as we sincerely do in the freedom of others till we shall haply accomplish our own, we intended to commemorate this prelude to the universal extirpation of the feudal system by meeting on the anniversary of that day, (the 4th of August) at the Crown and Anchor: from this meeting we were prevented by the interference of certain unnamed and sculking persons with the master of the tavern, who informed us that on their representation he would not receive us. Let those who live by or countenance feudal oppressions take the reproach of this ineffectual meanness and cowardice to themselves: they cannot stifle the public declaration of our honest, open, and avowed opinions. These are our principles, and these our sentiments; they embrace the interest and happiness of the great body of the nation of which we are a part. As to riots and tumults, let those answer for them who by wilful misrepresentations endeavour to excite and promote them; or who seek to stun the sense of the nation, and lose the great

cause of public good in the outrages of a mis-informed mob. We take our ground on principles that require no such riotous aid.

“ We have nothing to apprehend from the poor for we are pleading their cause; and we fear not proud oppression for we have truth on our side.

“ We say and we repeat it, that the French revolution opens to the world an opportunity in which all good citizens must rejoice, that of promoting the general happiness of man, and that it moreover offers to this country in particular an opportunity of reducing our enormous taxes: these are our objects, and we will pursue them.

“ JOHN HORNE TOOKE, chairman.”

The language of this address is bold and free, but not more so than that of the late Lord Chatham, or of that once violent advocate of reform, the late Mr. Pitt, better known by the title of the ‘ Enemy of the Human Race.’

" There is a set of men" (says the Earl
 of Chatham) " in the city of London, who
 " are known to live in riot and luxury,
 " upon the plunder of the ignorant, the
 " innocent, and the helpless, upon that part
 " of the community which stands most in
 " need of, and best deserves the care and
 " protection of the legislature. To me, my
 " lords, whether they be miserable jobbers
 " of 'Change Alley, or the lofty Asiatic
 " plunderers of Leadenhall Street, they are
 " equally detestable. I care but little whe-
 " ther a man walks on foot, or is drawn by
 " eight horses, or by six horses; if his
 " luxury be supported by the plunder of
 " his country, I despise and abhor him.
 " My lords, while I had the honour of
 " serving his majesty, I never ventured to
 " look at the Treasury but from a distance:
 " it is a business I am unfit for, and to
 " which I never could have submitted. The
 " little I know of it, has not served to
 " raise my opinion of what is vulgarly called
 " the monied interest; I mean that blood-
 " sucker, that muckworm, which calls him-
 " self the friend of government; which pre-

“ tends to serve this or that administration,
 “ and may be purchased on the same terms
 “ by any administration. Under this descrip-
 “ tion I include the whole race of com-
 “ missioners, jobbers, contractors, clothiers,
 “ and remitters.”*

“ No one, Mr. Speaker,” says Mr. Pitt,
 “ knows better than I do the decencies that
 “ are due to the sovereign from this house;
 “ but at the same time, I am not ignorant
 “ of the duty I owe to my country: I scorn
 “ to approach the crown with servility and
 “ adulation; and I cannot countenance or
 “ cherish the determined spirit breathed in
 “ the speech, without betraying my duty to
 “ my constituents. The country is almost
 “ drained of men and money,† blood is shed
 “ in profusion, and millions squandered, only
 “ to purchase disasters and disgrace. I really

* Vide Earl of Chatham’s speech, in the debate on Falkland’s Island.

† The national debt was then £251,000,000: under the management of this same Mr. Pitt, it is now (1811) nearly £600,000,000; and now (1819) nearly one thousand millions.

" cannot tell how the state can be retrieved,
 " its situation is desperate, and it is this
 " circumstance alone that makes me have
 " recourse to the expedient I am going to
 " adopt. It is not a change of ministers
 " that I look for, I do not want to see the
 " present servants of the crown out of office,
 " or the persons who sit near me appointed
 " in their room; it is a total change of sys-
 " tem and measures that I look for; and till
 " I can have some pledge that in this my
 " wishes shall be gratified I will oppose
 " privilege to prerogative, and vote that
 " not a shilling be given from the peo-
 " ple to the crown until they shall first
 " have received an earnest that ministers feel
 " a thorough conviction of past errors, and
 " are determined to do every thing to cor-
 " rect them. When this shall be done no
 " one shall surpass me in cheerfulness in
 " granting ample supplies; but I must pause
 " before I can think of voting away the
 " money of the people with no probability
 " of national advantage, but with almost
 " moral certainty of ruin to their affairs."—

Mr. Pitt's Speech on Friday, Nov. 30, 1781.

On the subject of the address at the Thatched House Tavern, which Mr. Paine did write, it is impossible not to quote 'Cheetham's Life' just to exhibit his blindness and ignorance, and to show how prejudice had warped this once idoliser of Mr. Paine. — "Horne Tooke, perhaps the most acute man of his age, was at this meeting; and as it was rumoured, Paine observes, that the great grammarian was the author of the address, he takes the liberty of mentioning the fact, that he wrote it himself. I never heard of the rumour, which was doubtless a fiction formed and asserted by Paine merely to gratify his egotism. No one could mistake the uncouth and ungrammatical writings of one, for the correct and elegant productions of the other." But what can be expected from him who calls 'Common Sense' a wretched work; 'The Rights of Man,' a miserable production; and 'Burke's Reflections,' a book of the proudest sagacity?

What can be expected from him who a few years before writing the above, in England

deified Mr. Paine, and called his writings immortal? And who says "Fox was vehemently adverse, and in this he was right, to universal suffrage:" who further says of the American government,—

" I hazard nothing in remarking, unless it
 " be hazardous to state the truth, that however
 " excellent the system of our government may
 " be in theory, the whole operation of our
 " system of politics in practice, with the chiefs
 " who lead the two parties, and who by hook
 " or by crook govern the nation, is one of
 " mystery, craft, and imposition. In these
 " articles which abound amongst us, no nation
 " can vie with the United States. That I hold
 " to be impossible.

" This prodigy of human intellect Paine,
 " or rather this sediment of ever-renewed
 " intoxication, was presented to the convention
 " on the 15th of February 1798. In this
 " disproportioned thing, this dream of well
 " meaning fanatics or deliberate act of cool
 " dilapidators, universal suffrage was laid
 " down to perfection.

“ May not Paine’s constitution of Penn-
 “ sylvania have been the cause of the tyranny
 “ of Robespierre?

“ Paine was always an advocate either of
 “ democratic anarchy or of imperial despotism,
 “ there was no medium with him.

“ They talk,” he said to a friend of mine, “of
 “ the tyranny of the Emperor of France. I
 “ know Bonaparte, I have lived under his
 “ government, and he allows as much freedom
 “ as I wish or as any body ought to have.
 “ With Napoleon’s invasion of Spain he was
 “ enraptured, and of course wished him success!
 “ Could such a man be a friend of freedom?”*

What can be expected from that Cheetham
 whose book is filled with such matter as the

* Of the infamous falsehood of this assertion I am a
 complete witness, being with him when he left France, and
 knowing how truly he appreciated, and disliked the cha-
 racter of Buonaparte, and his government, and how fervent
 his wishes were to leave that country, which he emphatically
 called Golgotha!

above, who was the worshipper of this very Paine in England, and the most violent disseminator of his writings, and who in his 'Life' of him has such trash as the following? and which I know to be false.

“ When the ‘Rights of Man’ reached
 “ Lewes, where Paine married Miss Ollive,
 “ the women as with one voice said, ‘Od rot
 “ ‘im, let im come ear if he dust, an we’ll
 “ ‘tell im what the rights of women is; we’ll
 “ ‘toss im in a blanket, an ring im out of
 “ ‘Lewis wi our frying pans.’ ”

Mr. Paine's life in London was a quiet round of philosophical leisure and enjoyment. It was occupied in writing, in a small epistolary correspondence, in walking about with me to visit different friends, occasionally lounging at coffee-houses and public places, or being visited by a select few. Lord Edward Fitzgerald; the French and American ambassadors, Mr. Sharp the engraver, Romney the painter, Mrs. Wolstonecroft, Joel Barlow, Mr. Hull, Mr. Christie, Dr. Priestly, Dr. Towers, Colonel Oswald, the walking Stewart, Captain

Sampson Perry, Mr. Tuffin, Mr. William Choppin, Captain De Stark, Mr. Horne Tooke, &c., &c. were among the number of his friends and acquaintance; and of course, as he was my inmate, the most of my associates were frequently his. At this time he read but little, took his nap after dinner, and played with my family at some game in the evening, as chess, dominos, and drafts, but never at cards; in recitations, singing, music, &c.; or passed it in conversation: the part he took in the latter was always enlightened, full of information, entertainment, and anecdote. Occasionally we visited enlightened friends, indulged in domestic jaunts, and recreations from home, frequently lounging at the White Bear, Piccadilly, with his old friend the walking Stewart, and other clever travellers from France, and different parts of Europe and America.

When by ourselves we sat very late, and often broke in on the morning hours, indulging the reciprocal interchange of affectionate and confidential intercourse. "Warm from the heart and faithful to its fires," was that inter-

course, and gave to us the "feast of reason and the flow of soul."

It was at the Mr. Christie's before mentioned, at a dinner party with several of the above, and other characters of great interest and talent, that Horne Tooke happened to sit between Mr. Paine and Madame D'Eon; for this character was, at this time, indisputably feminine. Tooke, whose wit and brilliant conversation was ever abundant, looking on each side of him, said, "I am now in the
 " most extraordinary situation in which ever
 " man was placed. On the left of me sits
 " a gentleman, who, brought up in obscurity,
 " has proved himself the greatest political
 " writer in the world, and has made more
 " noise in it, and excited more attention and
 " obtained more fame, than any man ever did.
 " On the right of me sits a lady, who has
 " been employed in public situations at different courts; who had high rank in the army,
 " was greatly skilled in horsemanship, who has
 " fought several duels, and at the small sword
 " had no equal; who for fifty years past, all
 " Europe has recognised in the character and

“ dress of a gentleman.”—“ Ah!” replied Madame D'Eon, “ these are very extraordinary things, indeed, Monsieur Tooke, and proves you did not know what was at the bottom.”

If this same Chevalier D'Eon had been lost at sea, burnt, or had in any way left the world, unknown and unnoticed, all Europe would have believed he was a woman, as really as any creed in their religion; and yet this was not so. In 1810, soon after his death, I saw and examined this mysterious character; and that he was incontestibly a man, a chevalier, and not a madame, is most certain. So that what every body says is not always true; and this is an instance to be added to many thousands of the truth of the sailor's adage, “ Seeing is believing;” and should warn us not to give credence hastily to any thing that does not fall under our own immediate experience, knowledge, and observation.

The second part of “ Rights of Man,” which completed the celebrity of its author, and placed him at the head of political writers, was published in February 1792. Never had any

work so rapid and extensive a sale; and it has been calculated that near a million and a half of copies were printed and published in England.

From this time Mr. Paine generally resided in London, and principally with me, till the 12th of September 1792, when he sailed for France with Mr. Achilles Audibert, who came express from the French convention to my house to request his personal assistance in their deliberations.

On his arrival at Calais a public dinner was provided, a royal salute was fired from the battery, the troops were drawn out, and there was a general rejoicing throughout the town. He has often been heard to remark that the proudest moment of his life was that in which, on this occasion, he set foot upon the Gallic shore.

In his own country he had been infamously treated, and at the time of his quitting Dover most rudely dealt with both by the officers who ransacked his trunks, and a set of hire-

lings who were employed to hiss, hoot, and maltreat, and it is strongly suspected, to destroy him.

It deprest him to think that his endeavours to cleanse the Augæan stable of corruption in England should have been so little understood, or so ill appreciated as to subject him to such ignominious, such cowardly treatment. Yet seven hours after this those very endeavours obtained him an honourable reception in France, and on his landing he was respectfully escorted, amidst the loud plaudits of the multitude, to the house of his friend Mr. Audibert, the chief magistrate of the place, where he was visited by the commandant and all the municipal officers in form, who afterwards gave him a sumptuous entertainment in the town hall.

The same honour was also paid him on his departure for Paris.*

* The reader is referred to Brissot's paper 'Le Patriot François,' and 'Le Journal de Gorsas,' for minute parti-

About the time of his arrival at Paris the national convention began to divide itself into factions; the king's friends had been completely subdued by the suppression of the Feuillans, the affair of the 10th of August, and the massacre of the 2nd and 3rd of September; while the jacobins who had been hitherto considered as the patriotic party, became in their turns divided into different cabals, some of them wishing a federative government, others, the enragés, desiring the death of the king and of all allied to the nobility; but none of those were republicans.

Those few deputies who had just ideas of a commonwealth, and whose leader was Paine, did not belong to the jacobin club.

I mention this, because Mr. Paine took

culars of Mr. Paine's introduction to the president of the convention, to the ministers, and different committees; his being appointed a deputy, and a member of the committee of constitution, &c. &c. &c.

infinite trouble to instill into their minds the difference between liberty and licentiousness, and the danger to the peace, good order, and well-doing of society, that must arise from letting the latter encroach on the prerogatives of the former.

He laboured incessantly to preserve the life of the king, and he succeeded in making some converts to his opinions on this subject; and his life would have been saved but for Barrere, who having been appointed by Robespierre to an office he was ambitious of obtaining, and certainly very fit for, his influence brought with it forty votes; so early was corruption introduced into this assembly. For Calais, Mr. Paine was returned deputy to the convention; he was elected as well for Versailles, but as the former town first did him the honour he became its representative. He was extremely desirous and expected to be appointed one of the deputies to Holland; a circumstance that probably would have taken place had not the committee of constitution delayed so long the production of the new form

that the jacobins anticipated them, and published proposals for a new constitution before the committee.

This delay was owing to the jealousy of Condorcet who had written the preface, part of which some of the members thought should have been in the body of the work.

Brissot and the whole party of the Girondites lost ground daily after this; and with them died away all that was national, just, and humane: they were however highly to blame for their want of energy.

In the beginning of April 1793, the convention received the letter from Dumourier that put all France in a panic: in this letter he mentioned the confidence the army had in him, and his intention of marching to Paris to restore to France her constitutional king: this had the strongest effect, as it was accompanied by an address from the prince of Coburg, in which he agreed to co-operate with Dumourier.

Mr. Paine, who never considered the vast difference between the circumstances of the two countries, France and America, suggested an idea that Dumourier might be brought about by appointing certain deputies to wait on him coolly and dispassionately, to hear his grievances, and armed with powers to redress them.

On this subject he addressed a letter to the convention, in which he instanced the case of an American general who receded with the army under his command in consequence of his being dissatisfied with the proceedings of congress. The congress were panic struck by this event, and gave up all for lost; but when the first impression of alarm subsided they sent a deputation from their own body to the general, who with his staff gave them the meeting; and thus matters were again reinstated. But there was too much impetuosity and faction in the French convention to admit of such temperate proceedings.

Mr. Paine, however, had written the letter,

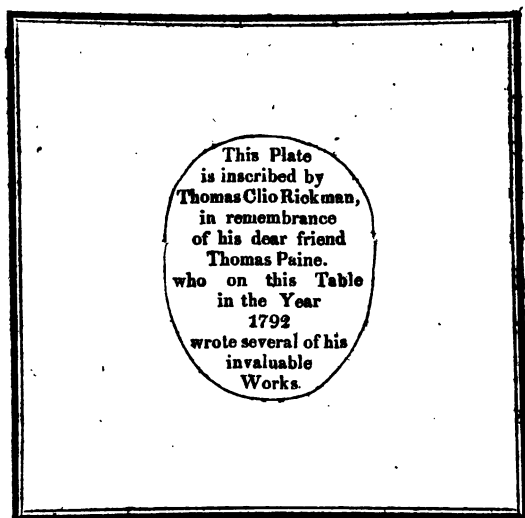
and was going to Brissot's in order to meet Barrere for the purpose of proposing an adjustment, when he met a friend who had that moment left the convention, who informed him that a decree had been past offering one hundred thousand crowns for Dumourier's head, and another making it high treason to propose any thing in his favour.

What the consequence of Mr. Paine's project might have been I do not know, but the offer of the convention made hundreds of desperate characters leave Paris, as speedily as possible, in hopes of the proffered reward; it detached the affection of the soldiers from their general, and made them go over to the enemy.

Towards the close of 1792 his 'Letter to the Addressers' was published, which was sought after with the same avidity as his other productions.

Of this letter, which, with many other things, he wrote at my house, I have the

original manuscript; and the table on which they were written is still carefully preserved by me: it has a brass plate in the centre with this inscription placed there by my direction on his quitting England—



The 'Letter to the Addressers' possesses all Mr. Paine's usual strength of reasoning, and abounds also in the finest strokes of genuine satire, wit, and humour. About this time a prosecution took place against the publishers of 'Rights of Man.'

How this was managed, and Mr. Paine's

opinion of it, will be best understood by the following letter never before published.

" To Sir Archibald Macdonald,

" Attorney General.

" Sir,

" Though I have some reasons for believing that you were not the original promoter or encourager of the prosecution commenced against the work entitled ' Rights of Man,' either as that prosecution is intended to effect the author, the publisher, or the public; yet as you appear the official person therein, I address this letter to you, not as Sir Archibald Macdonald, but as attorney general.

" You began by a prosecution against the publisher Jordan, and the reason assigned by Mr. Secretary Dundas, in the House of Commons in the debate on the proclamation, May 25, for taking that measure, was, he said, because Mr. Paine could not be found, or words to that effect. Mr. Paine, sir, so far from secreting himself, never went a step out of his way, nor in the least instance varied

from his usual conduct, to avoid any measure you might choose to adopt with respect to him. It is on the purity of his heart, and the universal utility of the principles and plans which his writings contain, that he rests the issue; and he will not dishonour it by any kind of subterfuge. The apartments which he occupied at the time of writing the work last winter he has continued to occupy to the present hour, and the solicitors to the prosecution knew where to find him; of which there is a proof in their own office as far back as the 21st of May, and also in the office of my own attorney.

“ But admitting, for the sake of the case, that the reason for proceeding against the publisher was, as Mr. Dundas stated, that Mr. Paine could not be found, that reason can now exist no longer.

“ The instant that I was informed that an information was preparing to be filed against me as the author of I believe one of the most

useful and benevolent books ever offered to mankind, I directed my attorney to put in an appearance; and as I shall meet the prosecution fully and fairly and with a good and upright conscience, I have a right to expect that no act of littleness will be made use of on the part of the prosecution towards influencing the future issue with respect to the author. This expression may perhaps appear obscure to you, but I am in the possession of some matters which serve to shew that the action against the publisher is not intended to be a *real* action. If therefore any persons concerned on the prosecution have found their cause so weak as to make it appear convenient to them to enter into a negociation with the publisher, whether for the purpose of his submitting to a verdict, and to make use of the verdict so obtained as a circumstance, by way of precedent, on a future trial against myself; or for any other purpose not fully made known to me; if, I say, I have cause to suspect this to be the case I shall most certainly withdraw the defence I should otherwise have made or promoted on his (the publisher's) behalf, and leave the *negociators* to themselves, and

shall reserve the whole of the defence for the *real* trial.

“ But, Sir, for the purpose of conducting this matter with at least that appearance of fairness and openness that shall justify itself before the public, whose cause it really is (for it is the right of public discussion and investigation that is questioned), I have to propose to you to cease the prosecution against the publisher; and as the reason or pretext can no longer exist for continuing it against him because Mr. Paine could not be found, that you would direct the whole process against me, with whom the prosecuting party will not find it possible to enter into any private negotiation.

“ I will do the cause full justice, as well for the sake of the nation, as for my own reputation.

“ Another reason for discontinuing the process against the publisher is, because it can amount to nothing. First, because a jury in London cannot decide upon the fact of pub-

lishing beyond the limits of the jurisdiction of London, and therefore the work may be republished over and over again in every county in the nation, and every case must have a separate process; and by the time that three or four hundred prosecutions have been had the eyes of the nation will then be fully open to see that the work in question contains a plan the best calculated to root out all the abuses of government, and to lessen the taxes of the nation upwards of *six millions annually*.

“ Secondly, because though the gentlemen of London may be very expert in understanding their particular professions and occupations, and how to make business contracts with governments beneficial to themselves as individuals, the rest of the nation may not be disposed to consider them sufficiently qualified nor authorised to determine for the whole nation on plans of reforms, and on systems and principles of government. This would be in effect to erect a jury into a national convention, instead of electing a convention, and to lay a precedent for the probable tyranny of

juries, under the pretence of supporting their rights.

“ That the possibility always exists of packing juries will not be denied; and therefore in all cases where government is the prosecutor, more especially in those where the right of public discussion and investigation of principles and systems of government is attempted to be suppressed by a verdict, or in those where the object of the work that is prosecuted is the reform of abuse, and the abolition of sinecure places and pensions, in all these cases the verdict of a jury will itself become a subject of discussion; and therefore it furnishes an additional reason for discontinuing the prosecution against the publisher, more especially as it is not a secret that there has been a negotiation with him for secret purposes, and for proceeding against me only. I shall make a much stronger defence than what I believe the treasury solicitor's agreement with him will permit him to do.

“ I believe that Mr. Burke, finding himself defeated, and not being able to make any

answer to the 'Rights of Man,' has been one of the promoters of this prosecution; and I shall return the compliment to him by shewing, in a future publication, that he has been a masked pensioner at £1500 per annum for about ten years.

" Thus it is that the public money is wasted, and the dread of public investigation is produced.

" I am, Sir,

" Your obedient humble servant,

" To

Sir A. Macdonald,
att.-gen.

" THOMAS PAINE."

This letter was written previous to Mr. Paine's quitting England, and is, the writer believes, the only letter he ever wrote to Sir Archibald Macdonald.

It is the more necessary to state this as a letter said to be Mr. Paine's was read on his trial; a letter calculated to make much

against him, and which was no doubt, as Mr. Erskine asserted, a forged one. This letter, even if genuine, was not evidence, was not charged in the information, and ought not to have made any part in the trial.

Of this letter Mr. Erskine, now Lord Erskine, thus remarked on Mr. Paine's trial :—

“ I consider that letter and indeed have
 “ always heard it treated as a forgery, con-
 “ trived to injure the merits of the cause,
 “ and to embarrass me personally in its de-
 “ fence: I have a right so to consider it,
 “ because it is unsupported by any thing
 “ similar at an earlier period. The defen-
 “ dant's whole deportment previous to the
 “ publication has been wholly unexception-
 “ able: he properly desired to be given up
 “ as the author of the book if any enquiry
 “ should take place concerning it; and he
 “ is not affected in evidence, directly or in-
 “ directly, with any illegal or suspicious
 “ conduct, not even with uttering an indis-

“ creet or taunting expression, nor with any
 “ one matter or thing inconsistent with the
 “ best subject in England.

“ His opinions, indeed, were adverse to our
 “ system, but I maintain that opinion is
 “ free, and that conduct alone is amenable to
 “ the law.”* As the proclamation which
 gave rise to the ‘Letter to the Addressers’ is a
 curious document, and evinces the temper
 of the powers that were of that day, it is for
 the entertainment of the reader here in-
 serted ;—

“ The London Gazette, published by au-
 thority, from Saturday, May 19, to Tuesday,
 May 22.

“ By the King, a Proclamation.

“ George R.

“ Whereas divers wicked and seditious wri-

* The reader is referred to Mr. Erskine’s speech on
 Mr. Paine’s trial, as a most luminous exhibition of just
 reasoning, sound argument, interesting quotations, and
 manly eloquence.

things have been printed, published, and industriously dispersed, tending to excite tumult and disorder, by endeavouring to raise groundless jealousies and discontents in the minds of our faithful and loving subjects respecting the laws and happy constitution of government, civil and religious, established in this kingdom, and endeavouring to vilify, and bring into contempt, the wise and wholesome provisions made at the time of the glorious revolution, and since strengthened and confirmed by subsequent laws for the preservation and security of the rights and liberties of our faithful and loving subjects: and whereas divers writings have also been printed, published, and industriously dispersed, recommending the said wicked and seditious publications to the attention of all our faithful and loving subjects: and whereas we have also reason to believe that correspondencies have been entered into with sundry persons in foreign parts with a view to forward the criminal and wicked purposes above mentioned: and whereas the wealth, happiness and prosperity of this kingdom do, under divine providence, chiefly depend upon

a due submission to the laws, a just confidence in the integrity and wisdom of parliament, and a continuance of that zealous attachment to that government and constitution of the kingdom which has ever prevailed in the minds of the people thereof: and whereas there is nothing which we so so earnestly desire as to secure the public peace and prosperity, and to preserve to all our loving subjects the full enjoyment of their rights and liberties, both religious and civil: We, therefore, being resolved, as far as in us lies, to repress the wicked and seditious practices aforesaid, and to deter all persons from following so pernicious an example, have thought fit, by the advice of our privy council, to issue this our Royal Proclamation, solemnly warning all our loving subjects, as they tender their own happiness, and that of their posterity, to guard against all such attempts, which aim at the subversion of all regular government within this kingdom, and which are inconsistent with the peace and order of society: and earnestly exhorting them at all times, and to the utmost of their power, to avoid and discourage all proceedings, tending to produce tumults and

riots : and we do strictly charge and command all our magistrates in and throughout our kingdom of Great Britain, that they do make diligent inquiry, in order to discover the authors and printers of such wicked and seditious writings as aforesaid, and all others who shall disperse the same : and we do further charge and command all our sheriffs, justices of the peace, chief magistrates in our cities, boroughs, and corporations, and all other our officers and magistrates throughout our kingdom of Great Britain, that they do, in their several and respective stations, take the most immediate and effectual care to suppress and prevent all riots, tumults and other disorders, which may be attempted to be raised or made by any person or persons, which, on whatever pretext they may be grounded, are not only contrary to law, but dangerous to the most important interests of this kingdom : and we do further require and command all and every our magistrates aforesaid that they do from time to time transmit to one of our principal secretaries of state due and full information of such persons as shall be found offending as aforesaid, or in any degree aid-

ing or abetting therein: it being our determination, for the preservation of the peace and happiness of our faithful and loving subjects, to carry the laws vigorously into execution against such offenders as aforesaid.— Given at our Court at the Queen's House, the twenty-first day of May, One thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, in the thirty-second year of our reign.— God save the king.”

Soon after this, his excellent Letters to Lord Onslow, to Mr. Dundas, and the Sheriff of Sussex were published.

Mr. Paine's trial for the second part of 'Rights of Man' took place on the 18th of December 1792, and he being found guilty the booksellers and publishers who were taken up and imprisoned previously to this trial forebore to stand one themselves, and suffered judgment to go by default; for which they received the sentence of three years imprisonment each. Of these booksellers and publishers I was one, but by flying to France I eluded this merciful sentence.

On the subject of these prosecutions I wrote to Mr. Fox, whom I well knew; and my intimate friend for years, Lord Stanhope, as I was myself the subject of two of them, and was well acquainted with the party factions of the day, and the iniquitous intrigues of the opposing leaders, in and out of office; for the writings of Mr. Paine which were as broad as the universe, and having nothing to do with impure elections and auger-hole politics, gave equal offence to all sides.

In the course of these letters which are still extant, it was impossible not to dwell on the absurdity of trial by jury in matters of opinion, and the folly of any body of men deciding for others in science and speculative discussion, in politics and religion. Is it not applying the institution of juries to purposes for which they were not intended, to set up twelve men to judge and determine for a whole nation on matters that relate to systems and principles of government? A matter of fact may be cognizable by a jury, and certainly ascertained with respect to offences against common law and

in the ordinary intercourses of society; but on matters of political opinion, of taste, of metaphysical enquiry, and of religious belief, every one must be left to decide as his enquiries, his experience, and his conviction impel him.

If the arm of power in every country and on every doctrine could have enforced its tyranny, almost all we now possess, and that is valuable, would have been destroyed; and if all the governments and factions that have made the world miserable could have had their way, every thing desirable in art, science, philosophy, literature, politics, and religion, would have been by turns obliterated; and the Bible, the Testament, the Alcoran, the writings of Locke, Erasmus Helvetius, Mercier, Milton, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Swift, Bolinger, Hume, Penn, Tucker, Paine, Bacon, Bolingbroke, and of thousands of others on all sides, would have been burnt; nor would there be a printing press in the world.

It has happened happily for many years

past, thanks to the art of printing and the means adopted to crush the circulation of knowledge, that the very modes employed to accomplish this end have not only proved abortive, but have given wings to truth, and diffused it into every corner of the universe. The publication of trials containing quotations from the works to be put down have disseminated their contents infinitely wider than they would else have reached, and have excited enquiries that would otherwise have lain dormant.

So ludicrously did this strike Mr. Paine that his frequent toast was, "The best way of advertising good books,—by prosecution."

As the attorney-general's attacks upon prosecuted works of a clever and profound description, and the judges' charges upon them contain nothing like argument or refutation, but follow up the criminating and absurd language of the indictment or ex-officio information,* and breathe only declamation and

* The reader is referred to these documents as well

ignorant abuse, they by their weakness expose the cause they espouse, and strengthen the truths they affect to destroy.

I shall close these observations by quoting two old and good-humoured lines.

Treason does never prosper—what's the reason?
When it prospers—it is never treason!

This trial of Mr. Paine, and these sentences, subverted of course the very ends they were intended to effect.

Mr. Paine was acknowledged deputy for Calais, the 21st of September, 1792. In France, during the early part of the revolution, his time was almost wholly occupied as a deputy of the convention and as a mem-

worth his notice, and as a proof of the truth of these observations: for instance, these informations state that Thomas Paine, being a wicked, malicious, seditious, and evil disposed person, hath, with force of arms, and most wicked cunning, written and published a certain false, scandalous, malicious, and seditious libel; in one part thereof to the tenor and effect following, that is to say—&c. &c.

ber of the committee of constitution. His company was now coveted and sought after universally among every description of people, and by many who for some reasons never chose to avow it. With the Earl of Lauderdale, and Dr. Moore, whose company he was fond of, he dined every Friday, till Lord Gower's departure made it necessary for them to quit France, which was early in 1793.

About this period he removed from White's Hotel to one near the Rue de Richelieu, where he was so plagued and interrupted by numerous visitors, and sometimes by adventurers, that in order to have some time to himself he appropriated two mornings in a week for his levee days.* To this indeed he was

* Among these adventurers was a person who called himself Major Lisle: Mr. Paine was at breakfast when he was announced; he stated himself to be lately arrived from Ireland; he was drest in the Irish uniform, and wore a green cockade; he appeared to be a well informed man, and was gentlemanly in his manners, but extremely voluble. He ran over the number of sieges and battles he had been at, and ended with professing a zealous desire to serve the republic, wishing Mr. Paine to give him a letter of recom-

extremely averse, from the fuss and formality attending it, but he was nevertheless obliged to adopt it.

Annoyed and disconcerted with a life so contrary to his wishes and habits, and so inimical to his views, he retired to the Faubourg St. Dennis, where he occupied part of the hotel that Madame de Pompadour once resided in.

Here was a good garden well laid out, and here too our mutual friend Mr. Choppin occupied apartments: at this residence, which for a town one was very quiet, he lived a life of retirement and philosophical ease, while it was believed he was gone into the country

mentation to the minister at war. Mr. Paine was extremely observing, shrewd, and cautious; he treated him with hospitality and politeness, and enquired after some of the leading characters in Ireland, with whom he found the major not at all acquainted; he then recommended him to take the credentials of his services to the military committee, but declined every importunity to interfere himself. This adventurer turned out afterwards to be the notorious Major Semple.

for his health, which by this time indeed was much impaired by intense application to business, and by the anxious solicitude he felt for the welfare of public affairs.

Here with a chosen few he unbent himself; among whom were Brissot, the Marquis de Chatelet le Roi of the gallerie de honore, and an old friend of Dr. Franklin's, Bançal, and sometimes General Miranda. His English associates were Christie and family, Mrs. Wolstonecraft, Mr. and Mrs. Stone, &c. Among his American friends were Capt. Imlay, Joel Barlow, &c. &c. to these parties the French inmates were generally invited.

It was about this time a gentleman at Paris thus writes of him to his friend:—
 “ An English lady of our acquaintance,
 “ not less remarkable for her talents than for
 “ her elegance of manners, entreated me to
 “ contrive that she might have an interview
 “ with Mr. Paine. In consequence of this
 “ I invited him to dinner on a day when
 “ we were to be favored with her company.

" For above four hours he kept every
 " one in astonishment and admiration of his
 " memory, his keen observation of men and
 " manners, his numberless anecdotes of the
 " American Indians, of the American war, of
 " Franklin, Washington, and even of his
 " Majesty, of whom he told several curious
 " facts of humour and benevolence. His
 " remarks on genius and taste can never be
 " forgotten by those present."

Joel Barlow was many years Mr. Paine's
 intimate friend, and it was from Mr. Paine
 he derived much of the great knowledge
 and acuteness of talent he possessed. Joel
 Barlow was a great philosopher, and a great
 poet; but there, are spots in the sun, and
 I instance the following littleness in his con-
 duct as a warning, and to prove how much
 of honest fame and character is lost by any
 thing like tergiversation. Joel Barlow has
 omitted the name of Mr. Paine in his very
 fine poem ' The Columbiad ;' a name essen-
 tial to the work as the principal founder of
 the American republic and of the happiness
 of its citizens. Omitting the name of Mr.

Paine in the history of America, and where the amelioration of the human race is so much concerned, is like omitting the name of Newton in writing the history of his philosophy, or that of God when creation is the subject; yet this, Joel Barlow has done, and done so lest the name of Paine combined with his theological opinions should injure the sale of the poem.—Mean and unhandsome conduct!

To remedy this omission, tho not in the fine style of Barlow, the following lines are suggested to be placed at the close of the 425th line in the 5th book, page 157 of his *Columbiad*:—

A man who honor'd Albion by his birth,
The wisest, brightest, humblest son of earth;
A man, in every sense that word can mean,
Now started angel-like upon the scene,
Drew forth his pen of reason, truth, and fire,
The land to animate, the troops inspire;
And called that independent spirit forth,
Which gives all bliss to man, and constitutes his worth.

'Twas he suggested first, 'twas he who plann'd
A separation from the mother land:

His 'Common Sense' his 'Crisis' led the way,
 To great Columbia's happy perfect day,
 And all she has of good or ever may!—

}

As Euclid clear his various writings shone,
 His pen inspired by glorious truth alone,
 O'er all the earth diffusing light and life,
 Subduing error, ignorance, and strife;
 Raised man to just pursuits, to thinking right,
 And yet will free the world from woe and falsehood's night;
 To this immortal man, to Paine 'twas given,
 To metamorphose earth from hell to heaven.

He usually rose about seven, breakfasted with his friend Choppin, Johnson, and two or three other Englishmen, and a Monsieur La Borde, who had been an officer in the *ci-devant* garde du corps, an intolerable aristocrat, but whose skill in mechanics and geometry brought on a friendship between him and Paine: for the undaunted and distinguished ability and firmness with which he ever defended his own opinions when controverted, do not reflect higher honour upon him than that unbounded liberality towards the opinions of others which constituted such a prominent feature in his character, and which never suffered mere difference of sentiment, whether political or religious, to

interrupt the harmonious intercourse of friendship, or impede the interchanges of knowledge and information.

After breakfast he usually strayed an hour or two in the garden, where he one morning pointed out the kind of spider whose web furnished him with the first idea of constructing his iron bridge; a fine model of which, in mahogany, is preserved at Paris.

The little happy circle who lived with him here will ever remember these days with delight: with these select friends he would talk of his boyish days, play at chess, whist, piquet, or cribbage, and enliven the moments by many interesting anecdotes: with these he would play at marbles, scotch hops, battledores, &c. on the broad and fine gravel walk at the upper end of the garden, and then retire to his boudoir, where he was up to his knees in letters and papers of various descriptions. Here he remained till dinner time; and unless he visited Brissot's family, or some particular friend in the evening, which was his frequent custom, he joined again the society of his favorites

and fellow-boarders, with whom his conversation was often witty and cheerful, always acute and improving, but never frivolous.

Incorrupt, strait forward, and sincere, he pursued his political course in France, as every where else, let the government or clamor or faction of the day be what it might, with firmness, with clearness, and without a "shadow of turning."

In all Mr. Paine's enquiries and conversations he evinced the strongest attachment to the investigation of truth, and was always for going to the fountain head for information. He often lamented we had no good history of America, and that the letters written by Columbus, the early navigators, and others, to the Spanish court, were inaccessible, and that many valuable documents, collected by Philip the II^d, and deposited with the national archives at Simania, had not yet been promulgated. He used to speak highly of the sentimental parts of Raynal's History.

It is not intended to enter into an account

of the French revolution, its progress, the different colors it took and aspects it assumed. The history of this most important event may be found at large detailed by French writers as well as those of other nations, and the world is left to judge of it,

It is unfortunate for mankind that Mr. Paine, by imprisonment and the loss of his invaluable papers, was prevented giving the best, most candid and philosophical account of these times. These papers contained the history of the French revolution, and were no doubt a most correct, discriminating, and enlightened detail of the events of that important era. For these papers the historian Gibbon sent to France, and made repeated application, upon a conviction that they would be impartial, profound, and philosophical documents.

It is well known that Mr. Paine always lamented the turn affairs took in France, and grieved at the period we are now adverting to, when corrupt influence was rapidly infecting every department of the state. He saw the jealousies and animosities that were breeding,

and that a turbulent faction was forming among the people that would first enslave and ultimately overwhelm even the convention itself.

Mr. Paine's opinion upon this subject was always the same, and in 1804 he thus speaks it: "With respect to the revolution, it was
 " begun by good men, on good principles, and
 " I have ever believed it would have gone
 " on so had not the provocative interference
 " of foreign powers distracted it into madness
 " and sown jealousies among the leaders. The
 " people of England have now two revolutions,
 " the American and the French, before them.
 " Their own wisdom will direct them what to
 " choose and what to avoid, and in every thing
 " which relates to their happiness, combined
 " with the common good of mankind, I wish
 " them honour and success."

Mr. Paine's memorable speech against the death of the king, is, or ought to be, in every body's hands. It was as follows:

" Citizen President: My hatred and abhor-

rence of absolute monarchy are sufficiently known; they originate in principles of reason and conviction, nor, except with life, can they ever be extirpated; but my compassion for the unfortunate, whether friend or enemy, is equally lively and sincere.

“ I voted that Louis should be tried, because it was necessary to afford proofs to the world of the perfidy, corruption, and abomination of the French government.

“ The infinity of evidence that has been produced exposes them in the most glaring and hideous colours.

“ Nevertheless I am inclined to believe that if Louis Capet had been born in an obscure condition, had he lived within the circle of an amiable and respectable neighbourhood, at liberty to practise the duties of domestic life, had he been thus situated I cannot believe that he would have shewn himself destitute of social virtues; we are, in a moment of fermentation like this, naturally little indulgent to his vices, or rather to those of his government; we regard

them with additional horror and indignation ; not that they are more heinous than those of his predecessors, but because our eyes are now open, and the veil of delusion at length withdrawn ; yet the lamentable degraded state to which he is actually reduced is surely far less imputable to him than to the constituent assembly which, of its own authority, without consent or advice of the people, restored him to the throne.

“ I was present at the time of the flight or abdication of Louis XVI, and when he was taken and brought back. The proposal of restoring to him the supreme power struck me with amazement ; and although at that time I was not a citizen, yet as a citizen of the world I employed all the efforts that depended on me to prevent it.

“ A small society, composed only of five persons, two of whom are now members of the convention, took at that time the name of the Republican Club (*Société Republicaine*). This society opposed the restoration of Louis, not so much on account of his personal offences, as in order to overthrow monarchy, and to erect on

its ruins the republican system and an equal representation.

“ With this design I traced out in the English language certain propositions which were translated, with some trifling alteration, and signed by Achilles Duchelclet, lieutenant-general in the army of the French republic; and at that time one of the five members which composed our little party; the law requiring the signature of a citizen at the bottom of each printed paper.

“ The paper was indignantly torn by Malonet, and brought forth in this very room as an article of accusation against the person who had signed it, the author, and their adherents; but such is the revolution of events that this paper is now revived, and brought forth for a very opposite purpose.

“ To remind the nation of the error of that unfortunate day, that fatal error of not having then banished Louis XVI from its bosom, the paper in question was conceived in the following terms; and I bring it forward this day

to plead in favor of his exile preferably to his death.

“ ‘ Brethren, and fellow Citizens : The serene
 ‘ tranquillity, the mutual confidence which pre-
 ‘ vailed amongst us during the time of the late
 ‘ king’s escape, the indifference with which we
 ‘ beheld him return, are unequivocal proofs that
 ‘ the absence of the king is more desirable than
 ‘ his presence, and that he is not only a political
 ‘ superfluity but a grievous burthen pressing hard
 ‘ on the whole nation.

“ ‘ Let us not be imposed on by sophisms : all
 ‘ that concerns this man is reduced to four points.
 ‘ He has abdicated the throne in having fled from
 ‘ his post. Abdication and desertion are not
 ‘ characterized by length of absence, but by
 ‘ the single act of flight. In the present in-
 ‘ stance the act is every thing, and the time
 ‘ nothing.

“ ‘ The nation can never give back its
 ‘ confidence to a man who, false to his trust,
 ‘ perjured to his oath, conspires a clandestine
 ‘ flight, obtains a fraudulent passport, conceals

' a king of France under the disguise of a
 ' valet, directs his course towards a frontier
 ' covered with traitors and deserters, and evi-
 ' dently meditates a return into our country
 ' with a force capable of imposing his own
 ' despotic laws. Ought his flight to be con-
 ' sidered as his own act, or the act of those who
 ' fled with him? Was it a spontaneous resolution
 ' of his own, or was it inspired into him
 ' by others? The alternative is immaterial:
 ' whether fool or hypocrite, idiot or trai-
 ' tor, he has proved himself equally un-
 ' worthy of the vast and important functions
 ' that had been delegated to him.

" ' In every sense that the question can be
 ' considered the reciprocal obligations which
 ' subsisted between us are dissolved. He holds
 ' no longer authority; we owe him no longer
 ' obedience; we see in him no more than an
 ' indifferent person; we can regard him only
 ' as Louis Capet.

" ' The history of France presents little
 ' else than a long series of public calamity
 ' which takes its source from the vices of her

'kings: we have been the wretched victims
 'that have never ceased to suffer either for
 'them or by them. The catalogue of their
 'oppressions was complete, but to complete
 'the sum of their crimes treason was yet
 'wanting; now the only vacancy is filled up,
 'the dreadful list is full; the system is ex-
 'hausted; there are no remaining errors for
 'them to commit; their reign is consequently
 'at an end.

" 'As to the personal safety of Mr. Louis
 'Capet, it is so much the more confirmed, as
 'France will not stop to degrade herself by a
 'spirit of revenge against a wretch who has
 'dishonored himself. In defending a just and
 'glorious cause it is not possible to degrade it;
 'and the universal tranquillity which prevails is
 'an undeniable proof that a free people know
 'how to respect themselves.'

" Having thus explained the principles and
 exertions of the republicans at that fatal pe-
 riod when Louis was reinstated in full pos-
 session of the executive power which by his
 flight had been suspended, I return to the

subject, and to the deplorable condition in which the man is now actually involved. What was neglected at the time of which I have been speaking has been since brought about by the force of necessity.

“ The wilful treacherous defects in the former constitution have been brought to light, the continual alarm of treason and conspiracy roused the nation and produced eventfully a second revolution. The people have beat down royalty, never, never to rise again; they have brought Louis Capet to the bar, and demonstrated in the face of the whole world, the intrigues, the cabals, the falsehood, corruption, and rooted depravity of his government: there remains then only one question to be considered, what is to be done with this man?

“ For myself, I freely confess that when I reflect on the unaccountable folly that restored the executive power to his hands, all covered as he was with perjuries and treason, I am far more ready to condemn

the constituent assembly than the unfortunate prisoner Louis Capet.

“ But, abstracted from every other consideration, there is one circumstance in his life which ought to cover or at least to palliate a great number of his transgressions, and this very circumstance affords the French nation a blessed occasion of extricating itself from the yoke of its kings without defiling itself in the impurities of their blood.

“ It is to France alone, I know that the United States of America owe that support which enabled them to shake off an unjust and tyrannical yoke. The ardour and zeal which she displayed to provide both men and money were the natural consequences of a thirst for liberty. But as the nation at that time, restrained by the shackles of her own government, could only act by means of a monarchical organ, this organ, whatever in other respects the object might be, certainly performed a good, a great action.

“ Let then these United States be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, hereafter, far removed from the miseries and crimes of royalty, he may learn, from the constant aspect of public prosperity, that the true system of government consists in fair, equal, and honourable representation. In relating this circumstance, and in submitting this proposition, I consider myself as a citizen of both countries.

“ I submit it as a citizen of America who feels the debt of gratitude which he owes to every Frenchman. I submit it also as a man who cannot forget that kings are subject to human frailties. I support my proposition as a citizen of the French republic, because it appears to me the best, the most politic measure that can be adopted.

“ As far as my experience in public life extends I have ever observed that the great mass of the people are invariably just, both in their intentions and in their objects; but the true method of accomplishing that effect,

does not always shew itself in the first instance. For example, the English nation had groaned under the despotism of the Stuarts. Hence Charles the Ist lost his life; yet Charles the IId was restored to all the full plenitude of power which his father had lost. Forty years had not expired when the same family strove to re-establish their ancient oppression; so the nation then banished from its territories the whole race. The remedy was effectual: the Stuart family sunk into obscurity, confounded itself with the multitude, and is at length extinct.

“ The French nation has carried her measures of government to a greater length. France is not satisfied with exposing the guilt of the monarch, she has penetrated into the vices and horrors of the monarchy. She has shewn them clear as daylight and for ever crushed that system; and he, whoever he may be, that should ever dare to reclaim those rights, would be regarded not as a pretender, but punished as a traitor.

“ Two brothers of Louis Capet have

banished themselves from the country, but they are obliged to comply with the spirit and etiquette of the courts where they reside.

“ They can advance no pretensions on their own account so long as Louis shall live.

“ The history of monarchy in France was a system pregnant with crimes and murders, cancelling all natural ties, even those by which brothers are united. We know how often they have assassinated each other to pave a way to power. As those hopes which the emigrants had reposed in Louis XVI are fled, the last that remains rests upon his death, and their situation inclines them to desire this catastrophe, that they may once again rally round a more active chief, and try one further effort under the fortune of the ci-devant Monsieur and d’Artois. That such an enterprise would precipitate them into a new abyss of calamity and disgrace it is not difficult to foresee; yet it might be attended with mutual loss, and it is our duty as legislators not to spill a drop of blood when our purpose may be effectually accom-

plished without it. It has been already proposed to abolish the punishment of death, and it is with infinite satisfaction that I recollect the humane and excellent oration pronounced by Robespierre on that subject in the constituent assembly. This cause must find its advocates in every corner where enlightened politicians and lovers of humanity exist, and it ought above all to find them in this assembly,

“ Bad governments have trained the human race and inured it to the sanguinary arts and refinements of punishment; and it is exactly the same punishment that has so long shocked the sight and tormented the patience of the people which now in their turn they practise in revenge on their oppressors.

“ But it becomes us to be strictly on our guard against the abomination and perversity of such examples. As France has been the first of European nations to amend her government, let her also be the first to abolish the punishment of death, and to find out a milder and more effectual substitute.

“ In the particular case now under consideration, I submit the following propositions.—
1st. That the national convention shall pronounce the sentence of banishment on Louis and his family: 2nd. That Louis Capet shall be detained in prison till the end of the war, and then the sentence of banishment to be executed.”

His conduct in this instance as well as that towards Captain Grimstone display that humane, charitable, and truly benevolent spirit which uniformly marked his character and influenced his conduct.

On the day of the trial of Marat, Mr. Paine dined at White's Hotel with Mr. Milnes, a gentleman of great hospitality and profusion, who usually gave a public dinner to twenty or thirty gentlemen once a week. At table, among many others besides Mr. Paine, was a Captain Grimstone, a lineal descendant from Sir Harbottle Grimstone, who was a member of Cromwell's parliament and an officer in his army. This man was a high aristocrat, a great gambler, and it was believed could not quit

France on account of his being much in debt. He took little pains to conceal his political principles, and when the glass had freely circulated, a short time after dinner he attempted loudly and impertinently to combat the political doctrines of the philosopher: this was to be sure the viper biting at the file. Mr. Paine in few words, with much acuteness and address, continued exposing the fallacy of his reasoning, and rebutting his invectives.

The captain became more violent, and waxed so angry, that at length rising from his chair he walked round the table to where Mr. Paine was sitting, and here began a volley of abuse, calling him incendiary, traitor to his country, and struck him a violent blow that nearly knocked him off his seat. Captain Grimstone was a stout young man about thirty, and Mr. Paine at this time nearly sixty.

The company, who suspected not such an outrage against every thing decent, mannerly, and just, and who had occasion frequently during dinner to call him to order, were now obliged to give him in charge of the national

guard. It must be remembered that an act of the convention had made it death to strike a deputy, and every one in company with the person committing the assault refusing to give up the offender was considered as an accomplice.

But a short period before this circumstance happened nine men had been decapitated, one of whom had struck Bourdeur de L'oise, at Orleans. The other eight were walking with him in the street at the time.

Paine was extremely agitated when he reflected on the danger of his unprovoked enemy, and immediately applied to Barrere, at that time president of the committee of public safety, for a passport for the unhappy man, who must otherwise have suffered death; and tho he found the greatest difficulty in effecting this, he however persevered and at length accomplished it, at the same time sending Grimstone money to defray his travelling expences; for his passport was of so short a duration that he was obliged to go immediately from his prison to the messagerie nationale.

Of Mr. Paine's arrest by Robespierre and his imprisonment, &c. we cannot be so well informed as by himself in his own affecting and interesting letters.

“ When I was voted out of the French
 “ convention the reason assigned for it was that
 “ I was a foreigner. When Robespierre had
 “ me seized in the night and imprisoned in
 “ the Luxembourg (where I remained eleven
 “ months) he assigned no reason for it. But
 “ when he proposed bringing me to the tri-
 “ bunal, which was like sending me at once
 “ to the scaffold, he then assigned a reason;
 “ and the reason was, ‘ for the interest of
 “ ‘ America as well as France’ — ‘ pour l’intérêt
 “ ‘ de l’Amerique autant que de la France.’ The
 “ words are in his own hand-writing and re-
 “ ported to the convention by the committee
 “ appointed to examine his papers, and are
 “ printed in their report, with this reflection
 “ added to them, ‘ Why Thomas Paine more
 “ ‘ than another? because he contributed to
 “ ‘ the liberty of both worlds?’ There must
 “ have been coalition in sentiment, if not in
 “ fact, between the terrorists of America and

" the terrorists of France, and Robespierre
 " must have known it or he could not have
 " had the idea of putting America into the
 " bill of accusation against me.

" Yet these men, these terrorists of the new
 " world, who were waiting in the devotion of
 " their hearts for the joyful news of my
 " destruction, are the same banditti who are
 " now bellowing in all the hackneyed language
 " of hackneyed hypocrisy about humanity and
 " piety, and often about something they call
 " infidelity, and they finish with the chorus of
 " crucify him, crucify him. I am become so
 " famous among them that they cannot eat or
 " drink without me. I serve them as a stand-
 " ing dish, and they cannot make up a bill of
 " fare if I am not in it.

" Thomas Paine, to their mortification, Pro-
 " vidence has protected in all his dangers,
 " patronized him in all his undertakings, en-
 " couraged him in all his ways, and rewarded
 " him at last by bringing him in health and
 " safety to the promised land. This is more
 " than it did by the Jews, the chosen people

“ whom they tell us it brought out of the land
 “ of Egypt and out of the house of bondage;
 “ for they all died in the wilderness and Moses
 “ too. I was one of the nine members that
 “ composed the first committee of constitution.
 “ Six of them have been destroyed; Sieyes and
 “ myself have survived. He by bending with
 “ the times, and I by not bending. The other
 “ survivor joined Robespierre and signed with
 “ him the warrant for my arrestation.

“ After the fall of Robespierre he was seized
 “ and imprisoned in his turn, and sentenced to
 “ transportation. He has since apologized to me
 “ for having signed the warrant by saying he
 “ felt himself in danger and was obliged to do it.

“ Herault Sechelles, an acquaintance of Mr.
 “ Jefferson's, and a good patriot, was my suppli-
 “ ant as a member of the committee of constitu-
 “ tion; that is, he was to supply my place if I
 “ had not accepted or had resigned, being next
 “ in number of votes to me. He was imprisoned
 “ in the Luxembourg with me, was taken to the
 “ tribunal and to the guillotine, and I, his prin-
 “ cipal, was left.

“ There were but two foreigners in the con-
 “ vention, Anarcharsis Cloots and myself. We
 “ were both put out of the convention by the
 “ same vote, arrested by the same order, and
 “ carried to prison together the same night. He
 “ was taken to the guillotine, and I was again
 “ left. Joel Barlow was with us when we went
 “ to prison. Joseph Leban, one of the vilest
 “ characters that ever existed, and who made
 “ the streets of Arras run with blood, was my
 “ suppliant member of the convention for the
 “ department of the Pais de Calais. When I
 “ was put out of the convention he came and
 “ took my place. When I was liberated
 “ from prison and voted again into the conven-
 “ tion he was sent to the same prison and took
 “ my place there, and he went to the guillotine
 “ instead of me. He supplied my place all the
 “ way thro. One hundred and sixty-eight per-
 “ sons were taken out of the Luxembourg in one
 “ night, and a hundred and sixty of them guillo-
 “ tined the next day, of which I know I was to
 “ have been one; and the manner I escaped that
 “ fate is curious, and has all the appearance of
 “ accident. The room in which I was lodged
 “ was on the ground floor and one of a long

" range of rooms under a gallery, and the door
 " of it opened outward and flat against the wall ;
 " so that when it was open the inside of the door
 " appeared outward, and the contrary when it
 " was shut : I had three comrades fellow-prisoners
 " with me, Joseph Vanhuile of Bruges, since
 " president of the municipality of that town,
 " Michael Robins, and Bastini of Louvain.
 " When persons by scores and by hundreds were
 " to be taken out of prison for the guillotine it
 " was always done in the night, and those who
 " performed that office had a private mark or
 " signal by which they knew what rooms to go
 " to, and what number to take.

" We, as I said, were four, and the door of
 " our room was marked, unobserved by us, with
 " that number in chalk ; but it happened, if hap-
 " pening is a proper word, that the mark was
 " put on the door when it was open and flat
 " against the wall, and thereby came on the
 " inside when we shut it at night, and the de-
 " stroying angel passed it by. A few days after
 " this Robespierre fell, and the American ambassa-
 " dor arrived and reclaimed me, and invited me
 " to his house.

“ During the whole of my imprisonment, prior
 “ to the fall of Robespierre, there was no time
 “ when I could think my life worth twenty-four
 “ hours ; and my mind was made up to meet
 “ its fate. The Americans in Paris went in a
 “ body to the convention to reclaim me, but
 “ without success. There was no party among
 “ them with respect to me. My only hope then
 “ rested on the government of America that it
 “ would remember me.

“ But the icy heart of ingratitude, in what-
 “ ever man it is placed, has neither feelings nor
 “ sense of honour. The letter of Mr. Jefferson
 “ has served to wipe away the reproach, and
 “ done justice to the mass of people of
 “ America.”

While Mr. Paine was in prison he wrote much
 of his ‘Age of Reason,’ and amused himself with
 carrying on an epistolary correspondence with
 Lady S*** under the assumed name of ‘The
 Castle in the Air,’ and her ladyship answered
 under the signature of ‘The Little Corner of the
 World.’ This correspondence is reported to be
 extremely beautiful and interesting.

At this period a deputation of Americans solicited the release of Thomas Paine from prison; and as this document, and the way in which it is introduced in Mr. Sampson Perry's history of the French revolution, bear much interest, and are highly honourable to Mr. Paine, the deputation, and Mr. Perry, I give it in his own words:

“ As an historian does not write in conformity
 “ to the humours or caprice of the day, but looks
 “ to the mature opinions of a future period, so
 “ the humble tracer of these hasty sketches,
 “ though without pretensions himself to live in
 “ after times, is nevertheless at once desirous of
 “ proving his indifference to the unpopularity of
 “ the moment, and his confidence in the justice
 “ posterity will exercise towards one of the
 “ greatest friends of the human race. The author
 “ is the more authorised to pass this eulogium on
 “ a character already sufficiently celebrated,
 “ having had the means and the occasion of
 “ exploring his mind and his qualities, as well
 “ with suspicion as with confidence. The name
 “ of Thomas Paine may excite hatred in some,
 “ and inspire terror in others. It ought to do
 “ neither, he is the friend of all; and it is only

“ because reason and virtue are not sufficiently
 “ prevalent, that so many do not love him : he is
 “ not the enemy of those even who are eager to
 “ have his fate at their disposal. The time may
 “ not be far off when they will be glad their
 “ fate were at his ; but the cowardly as well as
 “ the brave have contributed to fill England
 “ with dishonour for silently allowing the best
 “ friends of the human race to be persecuted with
 “ a virulence becoming the darkest ages only.

“ The physical world is in rapid movement,
 “ the moral advances perhaps as quick ; that part
 “ of it which is dark now will be light ; when it
 “ shall have but half revolved, men and things
 “ will be seen more clearly, and he will be most
 “ esteemed by the good who shall have made the
 “ largest sacrifice to truth and public virtue.
 “ Thomas Paine was suspected of having checked
 “ the aspiring light of the public mind by opi-
 “ nions not suitable to the state France was in.
 “ He was for confiding more to the pen, and
 “ doubting the effect of the guillotine.

“ Robespierre said, that method would do

“ with such a country as America, but could
 “ avail nothing in one highly corrupted like
 “ France. To disagree in opinion with a mind
 “ so heated was to incur all the resentment it
 “ contained. Thomas Paine had preserved an
 “ intimacy with Brissot from an acquaintance of
 “ long date, and because he spoke the English
 “ language; when Brissot fell Paine was in
 “ danger, and, as his preface to the second part
 “ of the ‘ Rights of Man,’ shews, he had a miracu-
 “ lous escape.

“ The Americans in Paris saw the perilous
 “ situation of their fellow citizen, of the cham-
 “ pion of the liberty of more than one quarter of
 “ the world; they drew up an address and pre-
 “ sented it at the bar of the convention; it was
 “ worded as follows:—

“ ‘ Citizens! the French nation had invited
 “ ‘ the most illustrious of all foreign nations to
 “ ‘ the honour of representing her.

“ ‘ Thomas Paine, the apostle of liberty in
 “ ‘ America, a profound and valuable philoso-
 “ ‘ pher a virtuous and esteemed citizen, came

“ ‘to France and took a seat among you. Parti-
 “ ‘cular circumstances rendered necessary the
 “ ‘decree to put under arrest all the English
 “ ‘residing in France.

“ ‘Citizens! representatives! we come to
 “ ‘demand of you Thomas Paine, in the name of
 “ ‘the friends of liberty, in the name of the
 “ ‘Americans your brothers and allies; was there
 “ ‘any thing more wanted to obtain our demand
 “ ‘we would tell you. Do not give to the
 “ ‘leagued despots the pleasure of seeing Paine
 “ ‘in irons. We shall inform you that the seals
 “ ‘put upon the papers of Thomas Paine have
 “ ‘been taken off, that the committee of gene-
 “ ‘ral safety examined them, and far from
 “ ‘finding among them any dangerous proposi-
 “ ‘tions, they only found the love of liberty
 “ ‘which characterised him all his life time, that
 “ ‘eloquence of nature and philosophy which
 “ ‘made him the friend of mankind, and those
 “ ‘principles of public morality which merited
 “ ‘the hatred of kings, and the affection of his
 “ ‘fellow-citizens.

“ ‘In short, Citizens! if you permit us to

“ ‘restore Thomas Paine to the embraces of his
 “ ‘fellow-citizens we offer to pledge ourselves
 “ ‘as securities for his conduct during the short
 “ ‘time he shall remain in France.’ ”

After his liberation he found a friendly asylum at the American minister's house, Mr. Monroe, now president of the United States; and for some years before Mr. Paine left Paris, he lodged at M. Bonville's, associating occasionally with the great men of the day, Condorcet, Volney, Mercier, Joel Barlow, &c. &c. and sometimes dining with Bonaparte and his generals.*—He now indulged his mechanical turn, and amused himself in bridge and ship modelling, and in pursuing his favorite studies,

* When Bonaparte returned from Italy he called on Mr. Paine and invited him to dinner: in the course of his rapturous address to him he declared that a statue of gold ought to be erected to him in every city in the universe, assuring him that he always slept with his book ‘Rights of Man’ under his pillow, and conjured him to honor him with his correspondence and advice.

This anecdote is only related as a fact. Of the sincerity of the compliment, those must judge who know Bonaparte's principles best.

the mathematics and natural philosophy.—

“These models,” says a correspondent of that time, “exhibit an extraordinary degree not only
 “ of skill but of taste in mechanics, and are
 “ wrought with extreme delicacy entirely by his
 “ own hands. The largest of these, the model
 “ of a bridge, is nearly four feet in length: the
 “ iron-works, the chains, and every other article
 “ belonging to it were forged and manufactured
 “ by himself. It is intended as the model of a
 “ bridge which is to be constructed across the
 “ Delaware, extending 480 feet with only one
 “ arch. The other is to be erected over a narrower
 “ river, whose name I forget, and is likewise a
 “ single arch, and of his own workmanship
 “ excepting the chains, which instead of iron are
 “ cut out of pasteboard, by the fair hand of his
 “ correspondent, ‘The little Corner of the World,’
 “ whose indefatigable perseverance is extraor-
 “ dinary. He was offered £3000 for these models
 “ and refused it. He also forged himself the
 “ model of a crane of a new description, which
 “ when put together exhibited the power of the
 “ lever to a most surprising degree.”

During this time he also published his

'Dissertation on first Principles of Government,' his 'Essay on Finance,' his first and second parts of the 'Age of Reason,' his 'Letter to Washington,' his 'Address to the Theophilanthropists,' 'Letter to Erskine,' &c. &c. Poetry too employed his idle hours, and he produced some fine pieces, which the world will probably one day see.

Wearied with the direction things took in France, which he used to say, was "the promised land, but not the land of promise," he had long sighed for his own dear America.

"It is,"* he would say, "the country of my heart and the place of my political and

* See 'Letters from Thomas Paine to the Citizens of America,' after an absence of fifteen years in Europe, to which are subjoined some letters between him and the late General Washington, Mr. Samuel Adams, and the late President of the United States, Mr. Jefferson; also some original Poetry of Mr. Paine's, and a Fac Simile of his hand-writing in 1803, London: published by and for Clio Rickman, Upper Mary-le-bone-Street, London.

“ literary birth. It was the American revolution
 “ made me an author, and forced into action the
 “ mind that had been dormant and had no wish
 “ for public life, nor has it now.” Mr. Paine
 made many efforts to cross the Atlantic, but they
 were ineffectual: some of these I state in his own
 words. “ As soon as the American ambassador
 “ had made a good standing with the French
 “ government, (for the conduct of his prede-
 “ cessor had made his reception as minister diffi-
 “ cult,) he wanted to send dispatches to his own
 “ government, by a person to whom he could also
 “ confide a verbal communication, and he fixed
 “ his choice upon me. He then applied to the
 “ committee of public safety for a passport, but
 “ as I had been voted again into the convention
 “ it was only the convention that could give
 “ the passport; and as an application to them for
 “ that purpose would have made my going
 “ publicly known, I was obliged to sustain
 “ the disappointment, and the then ambassador
 “ to lose the opportunity.

“ When that gentleman left France to return
 “ to America, I was to have come with him:
 “ it was fortunate I did not. The vessel he

“ sailed in was visited by an English frigate
“ that searched every part of it, and down to
“ the hold, for Thomas Paine. I then went the
“ same year to embark for Havre; but several
“ British frigates were cruizing in sight of the
“ port, who knew I was there, and I had to
“ return again to Paris. Seeing myself thus cut
“ off from every opportunity of returning that
“ was in my power to command, I wrote to Mr.
“ Jefferson, requesting that if the fate of the
“ election should put him in the chair of the
“ presidency, and he should have occasion to
“ send a frigate to France, he would give me
“ an opportunity of returning by it, which he
“ did; but I declined coming by the Maryland,
“ the vessel that was offered me, and waited
“ for the frigate that was to bring the new
“ minister, Mr. Chancellor Livingston, to France;
“ but that frigate was ordered to the Mediter-
“ ranean; and as at that time the war was
“ over, and the British cruizers called in, I
“ could come any way, I then agreed to come
“ with Commodore Barney in a vessel he had
“ engaged. It was again fortunate I did not,
“ for the vessel sunk at sea, and the people were
“ preserved in a boat.”

“ Had half the number of evils befallen me
 “ that the number of dangers amount to through
 “ which I have been preserved, there are those
 “ who would ascribe it to the wrath of heaven ;
 “ why then do they not ascribe my preservation
 “ to the protecting favour of heaven? Even in
 “ my worldly concerns I have been blessed.
 “ The little property I left in America, and
 “ which I cared nothing about, not even to
 “ receive the rent of it, has been increasing in
 “ the value of its capital more than eight hun-
 “ dred dollars every year for the fourteen years
 “ and more that I have been absent from it. I
 “ am now in my circumstances independent,
 “ and my economy makes me rich.

“ As to my health it is perfectly good, and I
 “ leave the world to judge of the stature of my
 “ mind.”

In July 1802, Mr. Jefferson, the then
 president of America, in a letter to Mr. Paine
 writes thus :

“ You express a wish in your letter to
 “ return to America by a national ship.

"Mr. Dawson, who brings over the treaty,
 "and who will present you this letter, is charged
 "with orders to the captain of the 'Maryland
 "to receive and accommodate you back if you
 "can be ready to return at such a short warning.
 "You will in general find us returned to senti-
 "ments worthy of former times: in these it
 "will be your glory to have steadily laboured,
 "and with as much effect as any man living.
 "That you may live long to continue your
 "useful labours, and reap the reward in the
 "thankfulness of nations, is my sincere prayer.
 "Accept the assurance of my high esteem and
 "affectionate attachment.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

"Washington, July 1802."

By the Maryland, as Mr. Paine states, he did
 not go; and it was not till the 1st of September
 1802, after spending some time with him at
 Havre de Grace, that I took leave of him on his
 departure for America, in a ship named the
 London Pacquet, just ten years after his leaving
 my house in London. This parting gave rise to
 the following extempore stanzas:

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE BEACH AT HAVRE DE GRACE,

AND ADDRESSED TO THE

SEA.

"A generous friendship no cold medium knows."—POPE.

Thus smooth be thy waves, and thus gentle the breeze,
 As thou bearest my PAINÉ far away;
 O! waft him to comfort and regions of ease,
 Each blessing of friendship and freedom to seize,
 And bright be his setting sun's ray.

May AMERICA hail her preserver and friend,
 Whose 'COMMON SENSE' taught her aright,
 How liberty thro her domains to extend,
 The means to acquire each desirable end,
 And fill'd her with reason and light.

One champion of all that is glorious and good
 Will greet him sincerely I know;
 No supporter of craft, of oppression, and blood,
 The defender of liberty long he has stood;
 Of tyranny only the foe.

Yes JEFFERSON! well in his principles school'd,
 Will embrace him with gladness of heart;
 His value he knows and is not to be fool'd,
 Nor his wisdom and knowledge one moment o'er ruled,
 By falsehood, corruption, and art.

Thou bitter, dear PAINE, is this parting to me,
 I rejoice that from EUROPE once more,
 From FRANCE too, unworthy thy talents and thee,
 Thou art hastening to join the happy and free;
 May the breezes blow gently, and smooth be the sea
 That speed thee to LIBERTY's shore!

The ardent desire which Mr. Paine ever had to retire to and dwell in his beloved America is strongly portrayed in the following letter to a female friend in that country, written some years before.

“ You touch me on a very tender point
 “ when you say that my friends on your
 “ side of the water cannot be reconciled to
 “ the idea of my abandoning America even
 “ for my native England.

“ They are right, I had rather see my
 “ horse Button eating the grass of Borden-
 “ town or Morisania, than see all the pomp
 “ and shew of Europe.

“ A thousand years hence, for I must
 “ indulge a few thoughts, perhaps in less,
 “ America may be what Europe now is.
 “ The innocence of her character that won

“ the hearts of all nations in her favour may
 “ sound like a romance, and her inimitable
 “ virtue as if it had never been.

“ The ruins of that liberty for which
 “ thousands bled may just furnish materials
 “ for a village tale, or extort a sigh from
 “ rustic sensibility, whilst the fashionable of
 “ that day, enveloped in dissipation, shall de-
 “ ride the principles and deny the fact.

“ When we contemplate the fall of em-
 “ pires and the extinction of the nations of
 “ the ancient world we see but little more
 “ to excite our regret than the mouldering
 “ ruins of pompous palaces, magnificent mo-
 “ numents, lofty pyramids, and walls and tow-
 “ ers of the most costly workmanship; but
 “ when the empire of America shall fall, the
 “ subject for contemplative sorrow will be in-
 “ finitely greater than crumbling brass or
 “ marble can inspire. It will not then be
 “ said, here stood a temple of vast antiquity,
 “ here rose a babel of invisible height, or
 “ there a palace of sumptuous extravagance;
 “ but here (ah! painful thought!) the noblest

“ work of human wisdom, the grandest scene
“ of human glory, and the fair cause of
“ freedom, rose and fell! Read this, and then
“ ask if I forget America.”

There is so uncommon a degree of interest, and that which conveys an idea of so much heart intercourse in this letter, that the reader may be led to desire some knowledge of the person to whom it was addressed. This lady's name was I believe Nicholson, and afterwards the wife of Colonel Few; between her and Mr. Paine a very affectionate attachment and sincere regard subsisted, and it was no small mortification on his final return to New York to be totally neglected by her and her husband.

But against the repose of Mr. Paine's dying moments there seems to have been a conspiracy, and this lady after years of disregard and inattention sought Mr. Paine on his death bed.

Mr. Few was with her, but Mr. Paine, refusing to shake hands with her, said firmly

and very impressively, "You have neglected me, and I beg you will leave the room."

Mrs. Few went into the garden, and wept bitterly.

Of Mr. Paine's reception in America and some interesting account of his own life and its vicissitudes, his 'Letters to the Citizens of America,' before noticed, speak better than I can.

These letters, under the care of Mr. Monroe, he sent me in 1804, and I published them, with the following one of his own accompanying them.

" My dear Friend,

" Mr. Monroe, who is appointed minister extraordinary to France, takes charge of this, to be delivered to Mr. Este, banker in Paris, to be forwarded to you.

" I arrived at Baltimore 30th of October, and you can have no idea of the agitation which my arrival occasioned. From New

“ Hampshire to Georgia, (an extent of 1500
 “ miles) every newspaper was filled with ap-
 “ plause or abuse.

“ My property in this country has been
 “ taken care of by my friends, and is now
 “ worth six thousand pounds sterling; which
 “ put in the funds will bring me £400
 “ sterling a year.

“ Remember me in friendship and affec-
 “ tion to your wife and family, and in the
 “ circle of our friends.

“ I am but just arrived here, and the
 “ minister sails in a few hours, so that I
 “ have just time to write you this. If he
 “ should not sail this tide I will write to my
 “ good friend Col. Bosville, but in any case
 “ I request you to wait on him for me.

“ Your's in friendship,

“ THOMAS PAINE.”

What course he meant to pursue in Ame-
 rica, his own words will best tell, and best

characterize his sentiments and principles :
they are these :

“ As this letter is intended to announce
“ my arrival to my friends, and my enemies
“ if I have any, for I ought to have none in
“ America, and as introductory to others
“ that will occasionally follow, I shall close
“ it by detailing the line of conduct I shall
“ pursue.

“ I have no occasion to ask, nor do I
“ intend to accept, any place or office in the
“ government.

“ There is none it could give me that
“ would in any way be equal to the profits
“ I could make as an author (for I have an
“ established fame in the literary world) could
“ I reconcile it to my principles to make
“ money by my politics or religion; I must
“ be in every thing as I have ever been, a
“ disinterested volunteer: my proper sphere
“ of action is on the common floor of citizen-
“ ship, and to honest men I give my hand
“ and my heart freely.

“ I have some manuscript works to publish,
 “ of which I shall give proper notice, and some
 “ mechanical affairs to bring forward, that will
 “ employ all my leisure time.

“ I shall continue these letters as I see
 “ occasion, and as to the low party prints that
 “ choose to abuse me, they are welcome; I
 “ shall not descend to answer them. I have
 “ been too much used to such common stuff to
 “ take any notice of it.

“ THOMAS PAINE.”

“ City of Washington.”

From this period to the time of his death, which was the 9th of June 1809, Mr. Paine lived principally at New York, and on his estate at New Rochelle; publishing occasionally some excellent things in the Aurora Newspaper, also ‘ An Essay on the Invasion of England,’ ‘ On the Yellow Fever,’ ‘ On Gun-Boats,’ &c. &c. and in 1807, ‘ An Examination of the Passages in the New Testament, quoted from the Old, and called Prophecies concerning Jesus Christ,’ &c.

This is a most acute, profound, clear, argumentative, and entertaining work, and may be considered and is now entitled 'The Third Part of the Age of Reason.'

In the course of Mr. Paine's life, he was often reminded of a reply he once made to this observation of Dr. Franklin's, "Where liberty is, there is my country:" Mr. Paine's retort was, "Where liberty is not, there is my country." And unfortunately he had occasion for many years in Europe to realize the truth of his axiom.

Soon after Mr. Paine's arrival in America he invited over Mr. and Mrs. Bonneville and their children. At Bonneville's house at Paris he had for years found a home, a friendly shelter, when the difficulty of getting supplies of money from America, and other and many ills assailed him. Bonneville and his family were poor, and sunk in the world; Mr. Paine therefore, tho he was not their inmate without remuneration, offered them in return an asylum with him in America. Mrs. Bonneville and her three boys, to whom he was a friend during his life and at his death, soon joined him there. If any part can be

marked out as infamous and wicked, in a book full of what is so, it is Cheetham's suggestion upon this just and generous conduct of Mr. Paine's to the Bonneville family, which he attributes to the most base and cowardly motives.

Among other things in 'Cheetham's Life of Mr. Paine' is the assertion that he wrote 'The Commentary on the Eastern Wise Men travelling to Bethlehem guided by a Star,' &c. and 'The Story of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram,' at Mr. Carver's house at New York. This stands among a large catalogue of other falsehoods, for these and other very pointed satirical poems were given to me some years before this by Mr. Paine in France. The particulars of Mr. Paine's being shot at while sitting by his fire-side at Bordentown is given in his own letters in the appendix, page 224. The bullet from the fire-arm shattered the glass over the chimney-piece very near to him. I find a letter in reply to one of mine, in which he writes "the account you heard of a man's firing into my house is true—the grand jury found the bill against him, and he lies over for trial."

The latter part of 'Cheetham's Life of Mr. Paine' is taken up in giving letters between him and Carver, at whose house he lodged some time at New York, about domestic and pecuniary differences, trifling and local trash, and in detailing the gossip and nonsensical malevolence of the idle, fanatical, and prejudiced.

As the author of these memoirs well knows and corresponds with Mr. Carver, it is very plain to him that Cheetham has supplied much of the style and matter of Carver's letters, for Mr. Carver was a most strenuous advocate and supporter of Mr. Paine's political and religious principles.

That he and Mr. Paine had some private differences while Mr. Paine was his lodger is true; and it should seem that Cheetham, bent upon giving an erroneous bias to every thing concerning Mr. Paine, stirred up and magnified these differences, and made the letters which Carver really wrote, the vehicle of extraneous, bitter, and false matter, which formed no part of the original disagreement between them; in short, Cheetham's work is filled with abuse of a man whose age, for Paine

was then past seventy, ought to have been his protection, and might have been offered as an apology at least for some defects and failings when his mind too was depressed under neglect, abuse, and misrepresentation.

In January 1809, Mr. Paine became very feeble and infirm, so much so, as to be scarcely capable of doing any thing for himself.

During this illness he was pestered on every hand with the intrusive and impertinent visits of the bigoted, the fanatic, and the designing. To entertain the reader, some specimens of the conduct of these intruders are here given.

He usually took a nap after dinner, and would not be disturbed let who would call to see him. One afternoon a very old lady dressed in a large scarlet hooded cloak knocked at the door and enquired for Thomas Paine. Mr. Jarvis, with whom Mr. Paine resided, told her he was asleep. I am very sorry she said for that, for I want to see him

particularly. Thinking it a pity to make an old woman call twice, Mr. Jarvis took her into Mr. Paine's bed room, and awoke him; he rose upon one elbow, then, with an expression of eye that made the old woman stagger back a step or two, he asked, "What do you want?" "Is your name Paine?" "Yes." "Well then, I come from Almighty God to tell you, that if you do not repent of your sins, and believe in our blessed saviour Jesus Christ, you will be damned and"— "Poh, poh, it is not true, you were not sent with any such impertinent message; Jarvis, make her go away; pshaw! he would not send such a foolish ugly old woman about with his messages; go away, go back, shut the door." The old lady retired, raised both her hands, kept them so, and without saying another word walked away in mute astonishment.

The following is a curious example of a friendly, neighbourly visit.

About two weeks before his death he was visited by the Rev. Mr. Milledollar, a pres-

byterian minister of great eloquence, and the Rev. Mr. Cunningham. The latter gentleman said, "Mr. Paine, we visit you as friends and neighbours: you have now a full view of death, you cannot live long, and whoever does not believe in Jesus Christ will assuredly be damned." "Let me," said Paine, "have none of your popish stuff; get away with you, good morning, good morning." The Rev. Mr. Milledollar attempted to address him but he was interrupted in the same language. When they were gone, he said to Mrs. Hedden, his housekeeper, "do not let them come here again, they intrude upon me." They soon renewed their visit, but Mrs. Hedden told them they could not be admitted, and that she thought the attempt useless, for if God did not change his mind, she was sure no human power could: they retired. Among others, the Rev. Mr. Hargrove, minister of a new sect called the New Jerusalemites, once accosted him with this impertinent stuff: "My name is Hargrove, sir; I am minister of the new Jerusalem church; we, sir, explain the scripture in its true meaning;

“ the key has been lost these four thousand years, and we have found it.” “ Then,” said Paine in his own neat way, “ it must have been very rusty.”

In his last moments he was very anxious to die, and also very solicitous about the mode of his burial; for as he was completely unchanged in his theological sentiments, he would on no account, even after death, countenance ceremonies he disapproved, containing doctrines and expressions of a belief which he conscientiously objected to, and had spent great part of his life in combating.

He wished to be interred in the quaker's burying ground, and on this subject he requested to see Mr. Willet Hicks, a member of that society, who called on him in consequence.

Mr. Paine, after the usual salutations, said, “ As I am going to leave one place it is necessary to provide another; I am now in my seventy-third year, and do not ex-

“pect to live long; I wish to be buried in your burying ground.” He said his father was a quaker, and that he thought better of the principles of that society than any other, and approved their mode of burial. This request of Mr. Paine was refused, very much to the discredit of those who did so; and as the quakers are not unused to grant such indulgencies, in this case it seemed to arise from very little and unworthy motives and prejudices, on the part of those who complied not with this his earnest and unassuming solicitation.

The above quaker in some conversation of a serious nature with Mr. Paine, a short time before his death, was assured by him that his sentiments respecting the christian religion were now precisely the same as when he wrote the ‘Age of Reason.’

About the 4th of May, symptoms of approaching dissolution became very evident to himself, and he soon fell off his milk-punch, and became too infirm to take any thing; complaining of much bodily pain.

On the 8th of June 1809, about 9 in the morning, he placidly, and almost without a struggle, died, as he had lived, a deist.

Why so much consequence should be attached to what is called a recantation in man's last moments of a belief or opinion held thro life, a thing I never witnessed nor knew any one who did, it is difficult to say, at least with any credit, to those who harp so much upon it. A belief or an opinion is none the less correct or true even if it be recanted, and I strenuously urge the reader to reflect seriously, how few there are who really have any fixed belief and conviction thro life of a metaphysical or religious nature; how few who devote any time to such investigation, or who are not the creatures of form, education, and habit; and take upon trust tenets instead of inquiring into their truth and rationality. Indeed it appears that those who are so loud about the recantation of philosophers, are neither religious, moral, or correct themselves, and exhibit not in their own lives, either religion in belief, or principle in conduct.

He was aged 72 years and 5 months. At

nine of the clock in the forenoon of the 9th of June, the day after his decease, he was taken from his house at Greenwich, attended by seven persons, to New Rochelle; where he was afterwards interred on his own farm. A stone has been placed at the head of his grave according to the direction in his will, with the following inscription,—

THOMAS PAINE,

AUTHOR OF

COMMON SENSE,

Died June 8th 1809, Aged 72 Years and 5 Months.

There is near the close of Cheetham's Life of Mr. Paine a letter of a Doctor Manley's, descriptive of Mr. Paine's illness, and some of his last hours; but it is too evidently the production of a fanatic, who wished to discredit and traduce him, and also who was wrath at his being a deist.

As an instance of the tone of this letter which Cheetham wrote to Manley for, and which was a contrivance between them to slander him, he says, "that his anger was easily kindled, and I doubt not that his resentments were lasting." This libeller of Mr. Paine knew but little of

him, and wrote thus on visiting him in a dying state worn down with age, pain, and feebleness.

O shame! where is thy blush!—The visits of Doctor Manley to Mr. Paine in his last moments look very like a contrivance to misrepresent and encourage the notion of his recantation.

Manley's letter is evidently written to answer a purpose among the enemies of Mr. Paine, and has been particularly circulated in a mutilated state, in order generally to impose the idea that Mr. Paine renounced his faith before he died; yet even this letter has the following passage:

Again I addressed him, "Mr. Paine, you
 " have not answered my questions—will you
 " answer them? Allow me to ask again, Do
 " you believe, or let me qualify the question,
 " Do you wish to believe that Jesus Christ is
 " the son of God? After a pause of some
 " minutes he answered, I have no wish to be-
 " lieve on that subject. I then left him, and
 " know not whether he afterwards spoke."

The reader must from the foregoing pages be persuaded how unkindly teased and obtrusively tormented were the closing hours of Mr. Paine's life; hours that always should be soothed by tenderness, quietude, and every kind attention, and in which the mind generally loses all its strength and energy, and is as unlike its former self as its poor suffering companion the body.

Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
 Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
 When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind
 To suffer with the body.

SHAKSPEARE.

To a rational man it should seem that a deist, if he be so from principle, and he is as likely to be so as any other religionist, is no more to be expected to renounce his principles on his death-bed or to abandon his belief at that moment, than the Christian, the Jew, the Mahometan, or any other religionist.

It will be seen that Mr. Paine very early, when a mere child, was inspired as it were with the antichristian principles which he held religiously thro life. See page 36, 'Age of Reason.'

“ From the time I was capable of conceiving
 “ an idea and acting upon it by reflection, I
 “ either doubted the truth of the Christian sys-
 “ tem, or thought it to be a strange affair; I
 “ scarcely knew which it was, but I well
 “ remember, when about seven or eight years of
 “ age, hearing a sermon read by a relation of
 “ mine who was a great devotee of the church
 “ upon the subject of what is called “redemp-
 “ tion, by the death of the son of God.”

“ After the sermon was ended I went into
 “ the garden, and as I was going down the
 “ garden-steps (for I perfectly recollect the spot)
 “ I revolted at the recollection of what I had
 “ heard: it was to me a serious reflection arising
 “ from the idea I had, that God was too good to
 “ do such an action, and also too almighty to
 “ be under any necessity of doing it. I believe
 “ in the same manner to this moment: and I
 “ moreover believe that any system of religion
 “ that has any thing in it that shocks the mind of
 “ a child cannot be a true system.”

His philosophical and astronomical pursuits
 could not but confirm him in the most exalted,

the most divine ideas of a supreme being, and in the purity and sublimity of deism.

A belief of millions of millions of inhabited worlds, millions of millions of miles apart, necessarily leads the mind to the worship of a God infinitely above the one described by those religionists who speak and write of him as they do, and as if only the maker of our earth, and as alone interested in what concerns it. In contemplating the immense works of God, 'the creation' is the only book of revelation in which the deist can believe; and his religion consists in contemplating the power, wisdom, and benignity of him in his glorious works, and endeavouring to imitate him in every thing moral, scientific and mechanical. It cannot be urged too strongly, so much wrong headedness if not wrong heartedness is there on this subject, that the religion of the deist no more precludes the blessed hope of salvation than the christian or any other religion.

We see thro different mediums, and in our pursuits and experience are unlike. How others have felt after reading maturely the 'Age of Reason,' and the 'Rights of Man,' and pur-

suing fairly, coolly, and assiduously the subjects therein treated, I leave to them; but for myself I must say, these works carried perfect conviction with them to my mind, and the opinions they contain are fully confirmed by much reading, by long, honest, unwearied investigation and observation.

The best and wisest of human beings both male and female that I have known thro life have been deists, nor did any thing in the shape of their recantation either in life or death ever come to my knowledge, nor can I understand how a real, serious, and long-adopted belief can be recanted.

That Mr. Paine's religious belief had been long established and was with him a deep rooted principle, may be seen by his conduct when imprisoned and extremely ill in the Luxembourg in 1794.*

Mr. Bond, an English surgeon who was confined there at the same time, tho by no

See 'Age of Reason,' part I.

means a friend to Mr. Paine's political or theological doctrines, gave me the following testimony of Mr. Paine's sentiments :

“ Mr. Paine, while hourly expecting to die, “ read to me parts of his ‘ Age of Reason ;’ and “ every night when I left him to be separately “ locked up, and expected not to see him alive “ in the morning, he always expressed his firm “ belief in the principles of that book, and “ begged I would tell the world such were his “ dying opinions. He often said that if he lived “ he should prosecute further that work, and “ print it.” Mr. Bond's frequent observation when speaking of Mr. Paine was, that he was the most conscientious man he ever knew.

While upon this subject, it will probably occur to the reader, as well as to the writer, how little belief from inquiry and principle there is in the world ; and how much oftener religious profession is adopted from education, form, prudence, fear, and a variety of other motives, than from unprejudiced enquiry, a love truth, of free discussion, and from entire conviction. Reasoning thus, it may fairly be inferred that men like Mr.

Paine, a pious deist, of deep research, laborious enquiry, and critical examination, are the most likely from disinterested motives to adopt opinions, and of course the least likely to relinquish them.

Before I quit the subject I give the following authentic document in a letter from New York :

“ Sir,

“ I witnessed a scene last night which
 “ occasioned sensations only to be felt, not to
 “ be described ; the scene I allude to was no
 “ less extraordinary than the beholding the well-
 “ known Thomas Paine struggling to retain a
 “ little longer in connection his soul and body.
 “ For near an hour I sat by the bedside of that
 “ well-known character, to whom I was intro-
 “ duced by one of his friends. Could the me-
 “ mory have retained the suggestions of my
 “ mind in the moments when I was reviewing
 “ the pallid looks of him who had attempted
 “ to overthrow kingdoms and monarchies, of
 “ him who has astonished the world with the
 “ fruits of a vast mind, whose works have

“ caused a great part of mankind to think and
 “ feel as they never did before, such suggestions
 “ would not be uninteresting to you. I could not
 “ contemplate the approaching dissolution of
 “ such a man, see him gasping for breath, with-
 “ out feelings of a peculiar nature. Poor Paine’s
 “ body has given way before his mind which
 “ is yet firm; mortification seems to have taken
 “ up its dwelling in his frame, and he will soon
 “ be no more. With respect to his principles
 “ he will die as he has lived; they are unaltered.
 “ Some methodists went to him a few days
 “ ago to endeavour to make a convert of him,
 “ but he would not listen to their entreaties.”

Soon after Mr. Paine’s death the following
 character of him and his writings appeared in a
 London news-paper, written by a gentleman well
 acquainted with him and them :

“ He was in his youth of a strong resolution
 “ and constant temper. He had from his in-
 “ fancy adopted the opinions he so successfully
 “ promulgated in his manhood. All his literary
 “ productions evince an acute, profound, and
 “ determined mind. His language is simple

“ and nervous, adapted to all capacities, and so
 “ pointed and unequivocal that there is no mis-
 “ conceiving it. He is sententious, his axioms
 “ are incontrovertible and self-evident, and their
 “ impressions are indelible.

“ No human being's efforts have done more
 “ for liberty. He has made more converts than
 “ Sydney and Russell. His ‘Common Sense’
 “ enfranchised America. America was divided
 “ between two parties; the arguments of this
 “ little pamphlet decided the contest. His
 “ glorious ‘Rights of Man’ had nearly a similar
 “ effect in England. Innumerable replies have
 “ been made against it, but so weak and futile as
 “ to injure the cause they were meant to sustain.
 “ He reasoned from facts, and his diction was
 “ irresistible.

“ He pours down like a torrent and bears
 “ every thing before him. He was prosecuted
 “ for his works, but they were so admired that
 “ they were in every library. He seemed stern
 “ and morose, but he was lenient, friendly, and
 “ benevolent.

“ He instanced his humanity by his resolute

“ vote to save the king of France, and the san-
 “ guinary Robespierre never forgave him, and
 “ in the reign of terror imprisoned him; but
 “ this apostle of liberty, though in such eminent
 “ danger, never retracted his opinions, nor im-
 “ plored mercy. It pleased Providence that he
 “ should escape this monster. Bold, manly, and
 “ fearless, he never concealed his sentiments;
 “ positive and inflexible, they never varied,
 “ being founded on conviction and pure prin-
 “ ciples. He remained at Paris long after Bona-
 “ parte rendered himself supreme in the state,
 “ and spoke as free as ever. In 1802, he de-
 “ parted from Paris for his admired America;
 “ the only true birth-place of liberty, where he
 “ finished his days in 1809, June 8, at New-
 “ York, aged 73,

His ashes there,
 But his fame every where.”

The following advertisement appeared in the New York Advertiser, June 9, 1809 :

“ MR. THOMAS PAINE,

“ Thy spirit, independence, let me share.

SMOLLETT.

“ With heart-felt sorrow and poignant

regret we are compelled to announce to the world that Mr. Thomas Paine is no more.

“ This distinguished philanthropist, whose life was devoted to the cause of humanity, departed this life yesterday morning; and if any man’s memory deserved a place in the breast of a freeman, it is that of the deceased, for

‘ take him for all in all

‘ We he’er shall look upon, his like again.’

“ The friends of the deceased are invited to attend his funeral by 9 o’clock in the morning, from his late residence at Greenwich, from whence his corpse will be conveyed to New Rochelle for interment;

‘ His ashes there,

His fame every where.” ”

* This quotation, which is a translation from a Latin epitaph on Frederick III^d, thus rendered, would serve very well for Mr. Paine.

In this small compass tho Paine’s ashes lie,
His fame is every where, and ne’er shall die.

It appears by Mr. Paine's will that he died worth a considerable property. This will is in the latter part of the appendix.

Before I take leave of my reader I would press upon his mind the necessity of candour; and if he be a christian I must tell him he will cease to be so the moment he appeals to coercion and resorts to prosecution and to persecution in matters of belief and opinion: such conduct his own 'New Testament' is decidedly against. It is better not to believe in a God than to believe unworthily of him, and the less we make him after our image the less we blaspheme him. Let enquiry supercede calumny and censure, and let it be ever remembered that those systems in government or religion which will not bear discussion and investigation are not worth solicitude. Ignorance is the only original sin: spread information and knowledge, and virtue and truth will follow. Read I beg you, reader, Lord Bolingbroke's 3rd and 4th chapters "concerning authority in matters of religion;" read the "Letter of Gilbert Wakefield," who was a violent christian, to Sir John

Scott, then attorney general, about the year 1798, from which this is an extract:

“ What right, I wish to be informed, can
 “ one man claim, distinct from power and
 “ tyranny, and usurpation, to dictate creeds,
 “ and to prescribe sentiments, for another?

“ Let us put an extreme case upon this
 “ question, which will abundantly elucidate,
 “ and indubitably decide the controversy: I
 “ mean the publication of ‘ Paine’s Age of
 “ Reason.’

“ But I would not forcibly suppress this
 “ book; much less would I punish (O! my
 “ God! be such wickedness far from me: or
 “ leave me destitute of thy favour in the
 “ midst of this perjured and sanguinary gene-
 “ ration!) much less would I punish, by fine
 “ or imprisonment, from any possible consi-
 “ deration, the publisher, or author, of those
 “ pages.

“ PRUDENTIAL MOTIVES would prevent
 “ me; because such interdiction serves only to

“ excite the restless curiosity of mankind;
 “ and the restraints of law give fresh vigour
 “ to circulation.

“ **MOTIVES OF PHILOSOPHY** would prevent
 “ me: because enquiry and discussion are
 “ hereby provoked; and sparks of truth, which
 “ would otherwise have been concealed for
 “ ever, are elicited by the collision of debate;
 “ to the unspeakable emolument and illumi-
 “ nation of mankind, in the promotion of
 “ mutual forbearance and esteem, in the fur-
 “ therance of valuable knowledge, and in
 “ the consequent propagation of all happiness
 “ and virtue. Truth can never suffer from
 “ argument and enquiry; but may be essen-
 “ tially injured by the tyrannous interference
 “ of her pretended advocates.

“ **MOTIVES OF JUSTICE** would deter me.
 “ Why should I refuse another that privilege of
 “ thinking and writing, which I claim and
 “ exercise myself?

“ **MOTIVES OF HUMANITY** would deter me.

“ I should think with horror on the punish-
 “ ment of any man for his belief; in
 “ which he has no discretionary power, but
 “ is necessarily swayed by the controlling
 “ despotism of arguments and reasons; and at
 “ what licence or patent shop shall I purchase
 “ a gag to silence him? Or, what shall hin-
 “ der him from forming the same unfavour-
 “ able judgment of my opinions, and pur-
 “ suing in his turn the same measures of
 “ intimidation and coercion with myself?

“ Thus the fair and goodly creation of
 “ the Almighty is to be converted into a
 “ howling wilderness of savage beasts, alter-
 “ nately hunting and worrying each other.

“ Lastly, MOTIVES OF RELIGION would
 “ deter me from molesting any writer for the
 “ publication of his sentiments.”

Oppose argument to argument, reason to
 reason, opinion to opinion, book to book,
 truth must prevail; and that which is of di-
 vine origin will bring itself thro. Set not
 attorney generals and human laws at work,

nor pay any religion which boasts an heavenly origin so bad a compliment, or libel its founders, by endeavouring to support it by such infamous means. Suffer me, while on this subject, to re-publish the following

VERSES,

WRITTEN EXTEMPORE

IN THE

CONVENT

AT

MONSERRATE in SPAIN,

1785.

With solemn step, this awful pile I tread,
 Nor with indignant eye around me gaze ;
 Nor view contemptuously the sacred dead,
 The bloody cross, and ever burning blaze.

No idle prejudice my soul conceives,
 Nor horrid bigotry my bosom feels ;
 I damn not him, who this or that believes,
 Nor care before what saint the good man kneels.

Still to the great Jehovah, Lord of all!

In different ways the pious heave the sigh;
Regardless of the mode, he hears their call,
And dries, in every land, the tearful eye.

The honest mind in every varied clime,
Alike demands the approving smile of heaven;
Sincere amendment does away the crime,
And mercy to the contrite heart is given.

Is not the God you worship boundless love?
Say then ye sects of every land and name,
How do you dare his dictates disapprove,
And ever seek each other to defame?

Shall you, who boast a Saviour for your head,
A lord who suffered, died, and bled for all,
Still in your actions contradict his creed,
And wanting candour—low as devils fall!*

* The author wishes to be understood, that he only uses the word devils figuratively; he has no faith in their existence really, and he believes, that when mankind find that they do not want wars, and taxes, and a religion to underprop the extravagancies of power by extravagancies of its own, they will discover that they can do very well without devils.

Hence, ye profane! of whatsoever tribe,
 And perish all the systems that you teach!
 In vain you talk, if you have priestly pride,
 And wanting charity in vain you preach.

What are your forms, ye Christians, Pagans, Turks?
 If vehicles to serve your God, 'tis well;
 He heeds not what they are, if good your works,
 Nor cares if psalms you sing, or beads you tell.

Serve then sincere that Power who reigns above;
 O'er all he holds corrective mercy's rod;
 On all, by varying means, pours boundless love,
 Then work his will, his goodness haste to prove,—
 For all the pure in heart shall see their God.

POETICAL SCRAPS, vol. II. page 135.

How paltry, how detestable, is that criticism,
 which only seeks to find out and dwell on errors
 and inaccuracies; passing over in silence,
 what is grand, sublime, and useful! How still
 more paltry, and detestable, is that disposition,
 which seeks only to find out and dwell on the
 defects and foibles of character!

While Mr. Paine's enemies have laboured,

and are still labouring, to detect vices and errors in his life and manners, shall not his friends dwell on the immense good he has done in public life, on the happiness he has created for myriads, in private? Shall they not point to the abodes of delight and comfort, where live and flourish the blessings of domestic bliss; AFFECTION'S dear intercourses, FRIENDSHIP'S solaces, and LOVE'S sacred enjoyments? and there are millions of such abodes originating in his labours. Why seek occasions, surly critics and detractors! to maltreat and misrepresent Mr. Paine? He was mild, unoffending, sincere, gentle, humble, and unassuming; his talents were soaring, acute, profound, extensive, and original; and he possessed that charity, which covers a multitude of sins: but as the following Elegy, published soon after his death, conveying a just character of him, is considered as a more appropriate channel for doing so than prose, I take the liberty to conclude this Life with transcribing it.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF THOMAS PAINE.

The unconquerable mind, and FREEDOM's holy flame. GRAY.

Acutely throbb'd my bosom, as I stood
 On GALLIA's strand, and markt, with tearful eye,
 Thy lessening bark that plough'd the briny flood,
 Till the last glimpse was lost mid sea and sky.

Yet hope still flutter'd round my aching breast;
 And as along our favorite walks I stray'd,
 While the bright sun was sinking in the west,
 And SEINE her matchless prospects wide display'd:

Or while the moon, holding her high career,
 Glean'd on the sombre woods and glittering main,
 While murmuring surges, breaking on the ear,
 With melancholy musings mixt their strain—

Fondly I sigh'd, alas!—Tho here no more
 Mid NATURE's loveliest scenery we shall prowl,
 Nor share again, on HAVRE's charming shore,
 "The feast of reason and the flow of soul"—

Tho here, mid bowers fit for the MUSE's haunt,
 We ne'er shall shape our devious course again;
 Ne'er range the hills, the woods, the fields, that slant
 Where the broad SEINE majestic meets the main —

Yet will I not despair. The time may come,
 When on COLUMBIA's free and happy coast,
 With thee once more at large thy friend shall roam,
 Once more renew the blessings he has lost.

Thus HOPE still flutter'd round my throbbing breast,
 And heal'd the direful wound which parting gave,
 Soothed each afflictive feeling into rest,
 And like a pitying angel came to save.

And often thus, amid my troublous days—
 A life eventful, and of varied hue—
 Has HOPE shone on me with benignant rays,
 And present evils taught me to subdue.

Fallacious CHARMER! long my soul enjoy'd
 The pleasing hope to cross the Atlantic main;
 But cruel DEATH the promised bliss destroy'd,
 And snatcht, with unrelenting hand, my PAIN.

Cast in superior mould, some nobler souls
 Sublimely soar, for great events design'd,
 Whom no corruption taints, no vice controls—
 Who live to enlighten — live to bless mankind.

Wise by some centuries before the crowd,
 These, by their systems novel tho correct,
 Must still offend the wicked, weak, and proud ;
 Must meet with hatred, calumny, neglect.

'Twas ever thus ; and such has been thy fate—
 The fate of all, pre-eminent like THEE :
 But glory, honour, and renown, tho late
 Thy well-deserved, thy sure reward shall be.

Oh ! had thy hasty censurers known thee well,
 Unbiass'd had they weigh'd thy WORKS and THEE ;
 Base Calumny had blush'd her tale to tell,
 And thousands from this worst of crimes been free—

This CRIME of CRIMES ! to damn unheard, unknown,
 The lives and labours of the great and true :
 Here the malicious slanderer stands alone ;
 No fouler aim can INFAMY pursue.

What agonies have wrung my indignant breast,
 To hear abused the MAN who proudly stood,
 Of every talent, every worth possest,
 IMMUTABLE AND JUST, AND WISE AND GOOD !

Is WIT a quality to charm the soul ?
 Is GENIUS dear—is SCIENCE to be loved ?
 Is REASON, of omnipotent controul,
 Man's highest, noblest boast, to be approved ?

Is all divine PHILOSOPHY, held forth
 As every good dispensing to our race,
 Spreading philanthropy and taste on earth,
 And raising man above the vile and base?

Are strong, romantic, rich, poetic powers—
 FANCY, that scatters all the graces round—
 And anecdote, that gilds convivial hours—
 Talents ACUTE, IMPRESSIVE, and PROFOUND—

Are THESE held dear, and by the bard and sage
 Reverenced, esteem'd, and praised, from pole to pole?
 Then PAINE must live to every future age,
 And IMMORTALITY his name enroll.

For ME, who thus pourtray the man I loved,
 No venal motives guide the ardent quill;
 For still to ME the fond attachment proved
 A source of sufferings, calumny, and ill.

But not the voice of millions, led astray
 By party, interest, prejudice, and fear,
 Can ever waken in my breast dismay,
 Or make me aught but what I am appear.

WORMS OF A DAY! our duty let us do,
 And bow to TRUTH, eternal TRUTH alone;
 All pride, and selfishness, and strife subdue,
 Be kind to others' faults, and mend our own.

For ME, I followed where conviction led,
 Sought only peace and right, with even course;
 Still labour'd that the HEART might guide the HEAD,
 And hated enmity, cabal, and force.

And for the dear dear groupe that croud my board,
 Celestialize my rambles and fire-side,
 For these, my boys and girls, I but implored
 That TRUTH, and only TRUTH, might be their guide.

WORMS OF A DAY ! it is not worth our while
 To live to mental lying, vice, and woe:
 Since pomp and splendour deck the paths of guile,
 O! let us pomp and splendour still forego.

I've read their works, and known high-minded men,
 Whose plaudits by the nations have been rung,
 Who've woo'd philosophy, or pour'd the strain,
 Or greatly reason'd, or divinely sung.

But these, indeed, to THEE the palm must yield;
 Superior gifts, superior powers were thine;
 They fade like stars that quit heaven's azure field,
 When bright the beams of morn begin to shine.

'Twas thine to point the means of human weal,
 To rescue man from slavery and crime;
 To all his better passions to appeal,
 His life ennoble, and his thoughts sublime.

Twas **THINE** his social happiness to plan,
 His public blessings, private virtues raise ;
 And teaching **REASON**, and the **RIGHTS OF MAN**,
 To all posterity ensure thy praise.

Twas **THINE**, by works devoted but to **TRUTH**,
WISDOM and **LIFE** and **LIGHT** to spread below ;
 To lead from jarring creeds, and laws uncouth,
 From slavery, superstition, pride, and woe.

Let **THESE** thy **WORKS** immortalize thy fame ;
 Let these to purer times thy praise extend,
 Whose grateful sons will hail thy hallow'd name,
 Which scarcely found, in times corrupt, a friend.

My boast it is to rank with these, though few ;
 My pride, this humble tribute to bestow ;
 To give to **WISDOM**, **VIRTUE**, **PAINÉ** their due,
 This to **MYSELF**, to **THEE**, and **TRUTH** I owe !

A P P E N D I X,
CONTAINING SOME
ORIGINAL PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,
BY
MR. P A I N E.

Note.—This little production of Mr. Paine is well worth attention; particularly too when millions have been and are squandering upon useless land fortifications along the coast, and on the works in and about Dover, &c.

The observations of a great man are always deserving of notice; and those which follow carry so complete a conviction of their propriety and truth along with them, that the English reader cannot but be led to reflect on the very opposite plans pursued in protecting our own coasts; if indeed, ~~that~~ may be called protection which we are now adopting.

One thing most commendatory of gun-boats has, I think, not been sufficiently enlarged upon in Mr. Paine's essay, but which, while we lament that any system of war should be necessary, surely speaks highly in favour of them,

viz. that while they protect a nation from insult and are undoubtedly its best defenders, their size renders it impossible for them to go far, and annoy, and attack, and carry conquest, desolation, and misery to distant shores!

ON THE COMPARATIVE POWERS AND EXPENCE
OF
SHIPS OF WAR,
GUN-BOATS, AND FORTIFICATIONS.

THE natural defence by men is common to all nations; but artificial defence, as an auxiliary to human strength, must be adapted to the local condition and circumstances of a country.

What may be suitable to one country, or in one state of circumstances, may not be so in another.

The United States have a long line of coast, of more than two thousand miles, every part of which requires defence, because every part is approachable by water.

The right principle for the United States to go upon, as a defence for the coast, is that of combining the greatest practical power with the least possible bulk, that the whole quantity of power may be better distributed through the several parts of such an extensive coast.

The power of a ship of war is altogether in the number and size of the guns she carries, for the ship of itself has no power.

Ships cannot struggle with each other like animals; and besides this, as half her guns are on one side of the ship, and half on the other; and as she can use only the guns on one side at a time, her real power is only equal to half her number of guns. A seventy-four can use only thirty-seven guns. She must tack about to bring the other half into action, and while she is doing this she is defenceless and exposed.

As this is the case with ships of war, a question naturally arises therefrom, which is, whether 74 guns, or any other number, cannot be more effectually employed, and that with much less expence, than by putting them all into one ship of such an enormous bulk, that it cannot approach a shore either to defend it or attack it; and though the ship can change its place, the whole number of guns can be only at one place at a time, and only half that number can be used at a time.

This is a true statement of the case between ships of war and gun-boats for the defence of a coast and of towns situated near a coast.

But the case often is, that men are led away by the GREATNESS of an idea, and not by the JUSTNESS of it!

This is always the case with those who are advocates for navies and large ships.*

A gun-boat carrying as heavy metal as a ship of 100 guns can carry, is a one-gun ship of the line ; and seventy-four of them, which would cost much less than a 74-gun ship would cost, would be able to blow a 74-gun ship out of the water.

They have in the use of their guns double the power of the ship, that is, they have the use of their whole number, of seventy-four to thirty-seven.

Having thus stated the general outlines of the subject, I come to particulars.

That I might have a correct data to go upon with respect to ships and gun-boats, I wrote to the head of one of the departments at Washington for information on the subject.

The following is the answer I received :—

“ Calculating the cost of a 74 or 100 gun ship from the actual cost of the ship United States of 44 guns, built

* A nation having a navy is a temptation for an enemy to go to war with it. Thus, if America had had a navy, England would have been at war with her long ago, to attack or obtain that navy!—Ed. ?

at Philadelphia, between the years 1795 and 1798, which amounted to 300,000 dollars, it may be presumed, that a 74-gun ship would cost 500,000 dollars, and a 100 gun ship 700,000 dollars.

“Gun-boats calculated merely for the defence of harbours and rivers will, on an average, cost about 4000 dollars each, when fit to receive the crew and provisions.”

On the data here given, I proceed to state comparative calculations respecting ships and gun-boats.

The ship United States cost 300,000 dollars. Gun-boats cost 4000 dollars each, consequently the 300,000 dollars expended on the ship, for the purpose of getting use of 44 guns, and those most heavy metal, would have built SEVENTY-FIVE gun-boats, each carrying a cannon of the same weight of metal that a ship of 100 guns can carry.

The difference therefore is, that the gun-boats give the use of thirty-one guns, heavy metal, more than can be obtained by the ship, and the expenses in both cases equal.

A 74-gun ship costs 500,000 dollars. The same money would build 125 gun-boats. The gain by gun-boats is the use of forty-one more guns, than can be obtained by expending the money on a ship of 74 guns.

The cost of an 100-gun ship is 700,000 dollars. This money would build 175 gun-boats; the gain therefore

by the boats is the use of seventy-five guns more than by the ship.

Though I had a general impression ever since I had the knowledge of gun-boats, that any given sum would go farther in building gun-boats than in building ships of war, and that gun-boats were preferable to ships for home defence, I did not suppose the difference was so great as the calculations above given prove them to be, for it is almost double in favour of the gun-boats. It is as 175 to 100. The cause of this difference is easily explained. The fact is, that all that part of the expence in building a ship from deck upwards, including masts, yards, sails, and rigging, is saved by building gun-boats, which are moved by oars, or a light sail occasionally.

The difference also, in point of repairs, between ships of war and gun-boats, is not only great, but it is greater in proportion than their first cost. The repairs of ships of war is annually from 1-14th to 1-10th of their first cost. The annual repairs of a ship that cost 300,000 dollars, will be above 21,000 dollars; the greatest part of this expense is in her sails and rigging, which gun-boats are free from.

The difference also in point of duration is great.

Gun-boats, when not in use, can be put under shelter, and preserved from the weather, but ships cannot; or boats can be sunk in the water or mud. This is the

way the nuts of cider mills for grinding apples are preserved. Were they to be exposed to the dry and hot air, after coming wet from the mill, they would crack, and split, and be good for nothing. But timber under water will continue sound for several hundred years, provided there be no worms.

Another advantage in favour of gun-boats, is the expedition with which a great number of them can be built at once. A hundred may be built as soon as one, if there are hands enough to set about them separately. They do not require preparations for building them that ships require, nor deep water to launch them in. They can be built on the shore of shallow waters; or they might be framed in the woods, or forests, and the parts brought separately down, and put together on the shore. But ships take up a long time in building.

The ship *United States* took up two whole years, 1796 and 1797, and part of the years 1795 and 1798, and all this for the purpose of getting the use of 44 guns, and those not heavy metal.

This foolish affair was not in the days of the present administration.

Ships and gun-boats are for different services. Ships are for distant expeditions; gun-boats for home defence. The one for the ocean, the other for the shore.

Gun-boats being moved by oars cannot be deprived of

motion by calms, for the calmer the weather the better for the boat. But a hostile ship becalmed in any of our waters, can be taken by gun boats moved by oars, let the rate of the ship be what it may. A 100-gun man of war becalmed is like a giant in a dead palsy; every little fellow can kick him.

The United States ought to have 500 gun-boats, stationed in different parts of the coast, each carrying a thirty-two or thirty-six pounder. Hostile ships would not then venture to lie within our waters, were it only for the certainty of being sometimes becalmed. They would then become prizes, and the insulting bullies on the ocean become prisoners in our own waters.

Having thus stated the comparative powers and expence of ships of war and gun-boats, I come to speak of fortifications.

Fortifications may be comprehended under two general heads.

First. Fortified towns; that is, towns enclosed within a fortified polygon, of which there are many on the continent of Europe, but not any in England.

Secondly. Simple forts and batteries. These are not formed on the regular principles of fortification, that is, they are not formed for the purpose of standing a siege as a fortified polygon is. They are for the pur-

tionary. Its fire is limited to about two miles, and there its power ceases. But every gun-boat moved by oars is a moveable fortification, that can follow up its fire, and change its place and position as circumstances may require; and besides this, gun-boats in calms are the SOVEREIGNS OF SHIPS.

As the matter interests the public, and most probably will come before congress at its next meeting; if the printers in any of the States, after publishing it in their newspapers, have a mind to publish it in a pamphlet form, together with my former piece on gun-boats, they have my consent freely.

I neither take COPY-RIGHT nor PROFIT from any thing I publish.

THOMAS PAINE.

TWO LETTERS FROM Mr. PAINE,

IN WHICH HE ALLUDES TO THE

CIRCUMSTANCE OF BEING SHOT AT.

New Rochelle, July 9, 1804.

Fellow Citizen,

As the weather is now getting hot in New York and the people begin to get out of town, you may as well come up here and help me to settle my accounts

th the man who lives on the place. You will be able to do this better than I shall, and in the mean time I can go on with my literary works, without having my mind taken off by affairs of a different kind. I have received a packet from Governor Clinton enclosing what I wrote for. If you come up by the stage you will stop at the post office, and they will direct you the way to the farm. It is only a pleasant walk. I send a piece for the Prospect; if the plan mentioned in it is pursued, it will open a way to enlarge and give establishment to the deistical church; but of this and some other things we will talk when you come up, and the sooner the better.

Your's in friendship,

THOMAS PAINE.

I have not received any newspapers nor any numbers of the Prospect since I have been here.

Bring my bag up with you.

New Rochelle, Jan. 16, 1805.

Esteemed Friend,

I have received two letters from you, one giving an account of your taking Thomas to Mr. Fowler, the other dated Jan. 12; I did not answer the first, because I hoped to see you the next Saturday or the Saturday after. What you heard of a gun being fired into the room is true; Robert and Rachel

were both gone out to keep christmas eve, and about eight o'clock at night the gun was fired; I run immediately out, one of Mr. Dean's boys with me, but the person that had done it was gone; I directly suspected who it was, and hallooed to him by name, that he was discovered. I did this that the party who fired might know I was on the watch. I cannot find any ball, but whatever the gun was charged with passed through about three or four inches below the window, making a hole large enough for a finger to go through; the muzzle must have been very near, as the place is black with the powder, and the glass of the window is shattered to pieces. Mr. Shule after examining the place, and getting what information could be had, issued a warrant to take up Derrick, and after examination committed him. He is now on bail (five hundred dollars) to take his trial at the supreme court in May next. Derrick owes me forty-eight dollars for which I have his note, and he was to work it out in making stone fence which he has not even begun, and besides this I have had to pay forty-two pounds eleven shillings for which I had passed my word for him at Mr. Pelton's store. Derrick borrowed the gun under pretence of giving Mrs. Bayeaux a christmas gun. He was with Purdy about two hours before the attack on the house was made, and he came from thence to Dean's half drunk, and brought with him a bottle of rum, and Purdy was with him when he was taken up.

I am exceedingly well in health, and shall always be

glad to see you. Hubbs tells me that your horse is getting better. Mr. Shule sent for the horse and took him when the first snow came, but he leaped the fences and came back. Hubbs says there is a bone broke. If this be the case I suppose he has broke or cracked it in leaping a fence when he was lame of the other hind leg, and hung with his hind legs in the fence. I am glad to hear what you tell me of Thomas. He shall not want for any thing that is necessary if he be a good boy, for he has no friend but me. You have not given me any account about the meeting house. Remember me to our friends.

Your's in friendship,

THOMAS PAINE.

TO FORGETFULNESS,

FROM

'The Castle in The Air,' to 'The Little Corner of the World.'

Memory, like a beauty that is always present to hear herself flattered, is flattered by every one. But the absent and silent goddess, Forgetfulness, has no votaries, and is never thought of: yet we owe her much. She is the goddess of ease, tho not of pleasure.

When the mind is like a room hung with black, and every corner of it crouded with the most horrid images

imagination can create, this kind, speechless goddess of a maid, Forgetfulness, is following us night and day with her opium wand, and gently touching first one, and then another, benumbs them into rest, and at last glides them away with the silence of a departing shadow. It is thus the tortured mind is restored to the calm condition of ease, and fitted for happiness.

How dismal must the picture of life appear to the mind in that dreadful moment, when it resolves on darkness, and to die! One can scarcely believe such a choice was possible. Yet how many of the young and beautiful, timid in every thing else, and formed for delight, have shut their eyes upon the world, and made the waters their sepulchral bed! Ah! would they in that crisis, when life and death are both before them, and each within their reach, would they but think, or try to think, that Forgetfulness will come to their relief, and lull them into ease, they could stay their hand, and lay hold of life. But there is a necromancy in wretchedness that entombs the mind, and increases the misery, by shutting out every ray of light and hope. It makes the wretched falsely believe they will be wretched ever. It is the most fatal of all dangerous delusions; and it is only when this necromantic night-mare of the mind begins to vanish, by being resisted, that it is discovered to be but a tyrannic spectre. All grief, like all things else, will yield to the obliterating power of time. While despair is preying on the mind, time and its effects are preying on despair; and certain it is, the dismal vision

will fade away, and Forgetfulness with her sister Ease, will change the scene. Then let not the wretched be rash, but wait, painful as the struggle may be, the arrival of Forgetfulness; for it will certainly arrive.

I have twice been present at the scene of attempted suicide. The one a love-distracted girl in England, the other of a patriotic friend in France; and as the circumstances of each are strongly pictured in my memory, I will relate them to you. They will in some measure corroborate what I have said of Forgetfulness.

About the year 1766, I was in Lincolnshire, in England, and on a visit at the house of a widow lady, Mrs. E——, at a small village in the fens of that county. It was in summer; and one evening after supper, Mrs. E—— and myself went to take a turn in the garden. It was about eleven o'clock, and to avoid the night air of the fens, we were walking in a bower, shaded over with hazel-bushes. On a sudden, she screamed out, and cried "Lord! look look!" I cast my eyes through the openings of the hazel-bushes, in the direction she was looking, and saw a white shapeless figure, without head or arms, moving along one of the walks at some distance from us. I quitted Mrs. E——, and went after it. When I got into the walk where the figure was, and was following it, it took up another walk. There was a holly bush in the corner of the two walks, which, it being night, I did not observe; and as I continued to step forward, the holly-bush came in a straight

line between me and the figure, and I lost sight of it; and as I passed along one walk, and the figure the other, the holly bush still continued to intercept the view, so as to give the appearance that the figure had vanished. When I came to the corner of the two walks, I caught sight of it again, and coming up with it, I reached out my hand to touch it; and in the act of doing this the idea struck me, Will my hand pass through the air, or shall I feel any thing? Less than a moment would decide this, and my hand rested on the shoulder of a human figure. I spoke, but do not recollect what I said. It answered in a low voice, "Pray let me alone." I then knew who it was. It was a young lady who was on a visit to Mrs. E——, and who, when we sat down to supper, said she found herself extremely ill, and would go to bed. I called to Mrs. E——, who came, and I said to her, "It is Miss N——." Mrs. E—— said, "My God! I hope you are not going to do yourself any hurt;" for Mrs. E—— suspected something. She replied with pathetic melancholy, "Life has not one pleasure for me." We got her into the house, and Mrs. E—— took her to sleep with her.

The case was, the man whom she expected to be married to, had forsaken her, and when she heard he was to be married to another, the shock appeared to her to be too great to be borne. She had retired, as I have said, to her room, and when she supposed all the family were gone to bed, (which would have been the case, if Mrs. E—— and I had not walked into the garden) she undressed herself, and

tied her apron over her head ; which descending below her waist gave her the shapeless figure I have spoken of.

Aided by the obscurity of almost midnight, and with this and a white under petticoat and slippers, for she had taken out her buckles, and put them at the servant maid's door, I suppose as a keepsake, she came down stairs, and was going to drown herself in a pond at the bottom of the garden, towards which she was going when Mrs. E—— screamed out. We found afterwards, that she had heard the scream, and that was the cause of her changing her walk.

By gentle usage, and leading her into subjects that might, without doing violence to her feelings, and without letting her see the direct intention of it, steal her as it were from the horror she was in, (and I felt a compassionate, earnest disposition to do it, for she was a good girl) she recovered her former cheerfulness, and was afterwards the happy wife, and the mother of a family.

The other case, and the conclusion in my next.

In Paris, in 1793, I had lodgings in the Rue Fauxbourg, St. Denis, No. 63. They were the most agreeable for situation of any I ever had in Paris, except that they were too remote from the convention, of which I was then a member. But this was recompenced by their being also remote from the alarms and confusion

into which the interior of Paris was then often thrown. The news of those things used to arrive to us, as if we were in a state of tranquillity in the country. The house, which was enclosed by a wall and gateway from the street, was a good deal like an old mansion farm-house, and the court-yard was like a farm-yard stocked with fowls, ducks, turkies, and geese; which for amusement we used to feed out of the parlour window on the ground floor. There were some hutches for rabbits and a sty with two pigs. Beyond, was a garden of more than an acre of ground, well laid out, and stocked with excellent fruit trees. The orange, apricot, and green-gage plumb, were the best I ever tasted; and it is the only place where I saw the wild cucumber. The place had formerly been occupied by some curious person.

My apartments consisted of three rooms; the first, for wood, water, &c. with an old fashioned closet chest, high enough to hang up clothes in; the next was the bed room; and beyond it the sitting room, which looked into the garden thro a glass door; and on the outside there was a small landing place railed in, and a flight of narrow stairs almost hidden by the vines that grew over it, by which I could descend into the garden, without going down stairs thro the house. I am trying by description to make you see the place in your mind, because it will assist the story I have to tell; and which I think you can do, because you once called upon me there on account of Sir ———, who was then, as I was soon afterwards, in arrestation. But

it was winter when you came, and it is a summer scene I am describing.

* * * *

I went into my chamber to write and sign a certificate for them,* which I intended to take to the guard house to obtain their release. Just as I had finished it a man came into my room dressed in the Parisian uniform of a captain, and spoke to me in good English, and with a good address. He told me that two young men, Englishmen, were arrested and detained in the guard-house, and that the section, (meaning those who represented and acted for the section) had sent him to ask me if I knew them, in which case they would be liberated. This matter being soon settled between us, he talked to me about the revolution, and something about the 'Rights of Man' which he had read in English; and at parting offered me in a polite and civil manner his services. And who do you think the man was that offered me his services? It was no other than the public executioner Samson, who guillotined the king and all who were guillotined in Paris; and who lived in the same section and in the same street with me.

* * * *

As to myself, I used to find some relief by walking alone in the garden after dark, and cursing with hearty good-will the authors of that terrible system that had

* Mr. Paine here alludes to two friends who were under arrest. Ed.

turned the character of the revolution I had been proud to defend.

I went but little to the convention, and then only to make my appearance ; because I found it impossible to join in their tremendous decrees, and useless and dangerous to oppose them. My having voted and spoken extensively, more so than any other member, against the execution of the king, had already fixed a mark upon me : neither dared any of my associates in the convention to translate and speak in French for me any thing I might have dared to have written.

* * * *

Pen and ink were then of no use to me : no good could be done by writing, and no printer dared to print ; and whatever I might have written for my private amusement, as anecdotes of the times, would have been continually exposed to be examined, and tortured into any meaning that the rage of party might fix upon it ; and as to softer subjects, my heart was in distress at the fate of my friends, and my harp was hung upon the weeping willows.

As it was summer we spent most of our time in the garden and passed it away in those childish amusements that serve to keep reflection from the mind, such as marbles, scotch-hops, battledores, &c. at which we were all pretty expert.

In this retired manner we remained about six or seven weeks, and our landlord went every evening into the city to bring us the news of the day and the evening journal.

I have now, my 'Little Corner of the World,' led you on, step by step, to the scene that makes the sequel of this narrative, and I will put that scene before your eyes. You shall see it in description as I saw it in fact.*

* * * *

He recovered, and being anxious to get out of France, a passport was obtained for him and Mr. Choppin: they received it late in the evening, and set off next morning for Basle before four, from which place I had a letter from them, highly pleased with their escape from France, into which they had entered with an enthusiasm of patriotic devotion. Ah France! thou hast ruined the character of a revolution virtuously begun, and destroyed those who produced it. I might almost say like Job's servant, 'and I only am escaped.'

Two days after they were gone I heard a rapping at the gate, and looking out of the window of the bedroom I saw the landlord going with the candle to the

* The second instance of attempted suicide is omitted from motives of personal delicacy. Mr. Paine's letter is continued, as it contains an account of his mode of life before he was sent to prison, &c.—ED.

gate, which he opened, and a guard with musquets and fixed bayonets entered. I went to bed again, and made up my mind for prison, for I was then the only lodger. It was a guard to take up ———, but I thank God they were out of their reach.

The guard came about a month after, in the night, and took away the landlord, Georgeit; and the scene in the house finished with the arrestation of myself. This was soon after you called on me, and sorry I was it was not in my power to render to —— the service that you asked.

I have now fulfilled my engagement, and I hope your expectation, in relating the case of ——, landed back on the shore of life, by the mistake of the pilot, who was conducting him out; and preserved afterwards from prison, perhaps a worse fate, without knowing it himself.

You say a story cannot be too melancholy for you. This is interesting and affecting, but not melancholy. It may raise in your mind a sympathetic sentiment in reading it; and though it may start a tear of pity, you will not have a tear of sorrow to drop on the page.

* * * *

Here, my contemplative correspondent, let us stop

and look back upon the scene. The matters here related being all facts, are strongly pictured in my mind, and in this sense, Forgetfulness does not apply. But facts and feelings are distinct things, and it is against feelings that the opium wand of Forgetfulness draws us into ease. Look back on any scene or subject that once gave you distress, for all of us have felt some, and you will find, that though the remembrance of the fact is not extinct in your memory, the feeling is extinct in your mind. You can remember when you had felt distress, but you cannot feel that distress again, and perhaps will wonder you felt it then. It is like a shadow that loses itself by light.

It is often difficult to know what is a misfortune: that which we feel as a great one to day, may be the means of turning aside our steps into some new path that leads to happiness yet unknown. In tracing the scenes of my own life, I can discover that the condition I now enjoy, which is sweet to me, and will be more so when I get to America, except by the loss of your society, has been produced, in the first instance, in my being disappointed in former projects. Under that impenetrable veil futurity we know not what is concealed, and the day to arrive is hidden from us. Turning then our thoughts to those cases of despair that lead to suicide, when, 'the mind' as you say 'neither sees nor hears, and holds council only with itself; when the very idea of consolation would add to the torture, and self-destruction

is its only aim,' what, it may be asked, is the best advice, what the best relief? I answer, seek it not in reason, for the mind is at war with reason, and to reason against feelings is as vain as to reason against fire : it serves only to torture the torture, by adding reproach to horror. All reasoning with ourselves in such cases acts upon us like the reason of another person, which however kindly done, serves but to insult the misery we suffer. If reason could remove the pain, reason would have prevented it. If she could not do the one, how is she to perform the other? In all such cases we must look upon reason as dispossessed of her empire, by a revolt of the mind. She retires herself to a distance to weep, and the ebony sceptre of despair rules alone. All that reason can do is to suggest, to hint a thought, to signify a wish, to cast now and then a kind of bewailing look, to hold up, when she can catch the eye, the miniature shaded portrait of Hope; and tho dethroned, and can dictate no more, to wait upon us in the humble station of a hand-maid.

*A Letter from Mr. Paine to a Gentleman at
Washington.*

New Rochelle, March 20, 1806.

I will inform you of what I know respecting
General Miranda, with whom I first became acquainted at

New York about the year 1783. He is a man of talents and enterprize, a Mexican by birth, and the whole of his life has been a life of adventures.

I went to Europe from New York in April 1787. Mr. Jefferson was then minister from America to France, and Mr. Littlepage a Virginian (whom John Jay knows) was agent for the king of Poland, at Paris.

Mr. Littlepage was a young man of extraordinary talents, and I first met with him at Mr. Jefferson's house at dinner. By his intimacy with the king of Poland, to whom also he was chamberlain, he became well acquainted with the plans and projects of the northern powers of Europe. He told me of Miranda's getting himself introduced to the Empress Catharine of Russia, and obtaining a sum of money from her, four thousand pounds sterling; but it did not appear to me what the project was for which the money was given: it appeared as a kind of retaining fee.

After I had published the first part of the 'Rights of Man' in England, in the year 1791, I met Miranda at the house of Turnbull and Forbes, merchants, Devonshire square, London. He had been a little time before this in the employ of Mr. Pitt, with respect to Nootka Sound, but I did not at that time know it; and I will, in the course of this letter, inform you how this connection between Pitt and Miranda ended; for I know it of my own knowledge.

I published the second part of the 'Rights of Man' in London in February 1792, and I continued in London till I was elected a member of the French convention, in September of that year; and went from London to Paris to take my seat in the convention, which was to meet the 20th of that month: I arrived at Paris on the 19th.

After the convention met Miranda came to Paris, and was appointed general of the French army, under General Dumourier; but as the affairs of that army went wrong in the beginning of the year 1792, Miranda was suspected, and was brought under arrest to Paris to take his trial.

He summoned me to appear to his character, and also a Mr. Thomas Christie, connected with the house of Turnbull and Forbes.

I gave my testimony as I believed, which was, that his leading object was, and had been, the emancipation of his country, Mexico, from the bondage of Spain; for I did not at that time know of his engagements with Pitt. Mr. Christie's evidence went to shew that Miranda did not come to France as a necessitous adventurer; that he came from public spirited motives, and that he had a large sum of money in the hands of Turnbull and Forbes. The house of Turnbull and Forbes was then in a contract to supply Paris with flour. Miranda was acquitted.

A few days after his acquittal he came to see me, and

a few days afterwards I returned the visit. He seemed desirous of satisfying me that he was independent, and that he had money in the hands of Turnbull and Forbes. He did not tell me of his affair with old Catharine of Russia, nor did I tell him that I knew of it.

But he entered into conversation with respect to Nootka Sound, and put into my hands several letters of Mr. Pitt's to him on that subject; amongst which was one that I believe he gave me by mistake, for when I had opened it and was beginning to read it, he put forth his hand and said, 'O that is not the letter I intended;' but as the letter was short I soon got through it, and then returned it to him without making any remarks upon it.

The dispute with Spain about Nootka Sound was then compromised; and Pitt compromised with Miranda for his services by giving him twelve hundred pounds sterling, for this was the contents of the letter.

Now if it be true that Miranda brought with him a credit upon certain persons in New York for sixty thousand pounds sterling, it is not difficult to suppose from what quarter the credit came; for the opening of any proposals between Pitt and Miranda was already made by the affair of Nootka Sound.

Miranda was in Paris when Mr. Monroe arrived there as minister; and as Miranda wanted to get acquainted with him, I cautioned Mr. Monroe against him, and told

him of the affair of Nootka Sound, and the twelve hundred pounds.

You are at liberty to make what use you please of this letter, and with my name to it.

THOMAS PAINE.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

&c.

Note.—Mr. Carlile has just published a little pamphlet of Mr. Paine's poetry, the whole of which, with a few others added in this collection, have been in my possession many years. I have omitted one very witty piece that Mr. Carlile has printed, 'A Commentary on the Eastern Wise Men,' it ranging not with my plan; also the 'British Constitution,' not knowing it to be Mr. Paine's.

SONG.

Tune.—Rule Britannia.

Hail great REPUBLIC of the world,
Which rear'd, which rear'd, her empire in the west,
Where fam'd COLUMBUS', COLUMBUS' flag unfurl'd,
Gave tortured EUROPE scenes of rest;

Be thou for ever, for ever, great and free,
The land of LOVE, and LIBERTY !

Beneath thy spreading, mantling vine,
Beside, beside each flowery grove, and spring,
And where thy lofty, thy lofty mountains shine,
May all thy sons, and fair ones sing,
Be thou for ever, for ever, great and free,
The land of LOVE, and LIBERTY !

From thee, may hellish DISCORD prowl,
With all, with all her dark, and hateful train ;
And whilst thy mighty, thy mighty waters roll,
May heaven descended CONCORD reign.
Be thou for ever, for ever, great and free,
The land of LOVE, and LIBERTY !

Where'er the ATLANTIC surges lave,
Or sea, or sea, the human eye delights,
There may thy starry, thy starry standard wave,
The CONSTELLATION OF THY RIGHTS !
Be thou for ever, for ever, great and free,
The land of LOVE, and LIBERTY !

May ages as they rise proclaim,
The glories, the glories of thy natal day ;
And states from thy, from thy exalted name,
Learn how to rule, and to obey.
Be thou for ever, for ever great and free,
The land of LOVE, and LIBERTY !

Let Laureats make their BIRTH-DAYS known,
 Or how, or how, war's thunderbolts are hurl'd ;
 Tis ours the charter, the charter, ours alone,
 To sing the BIRTH-DAY of a world !
 Be thou for ever, for ever, great and free,
 The land of LOVE and LIBERTY !

THE BOSTON PATRIOTIC SONG.

Tune.—Anacreon in Heaven.

R.T.P.

Ye Sons of COLUMBIA who bravely have fought,
 For those rights which unstain'd from your sires have
 descended,
 May you long taste the blessings your valour has bought,
 And your sons reap the soil which their fathers defended ;
 Mid the reign of mild peace,
 May your nation increase,
 With the glory of ROME, and the wisdom of GREECE.

CHORUS.

And ne'er may the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.
 In a clime whose rich vales feed the marts of the world,
 Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion ;
 The trident of commerce should never be hurl'd,
 To increase the legitimate power of the ocean ;
 But should pirates invade,
 Though in thunder array'd,
 Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sw
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of fiction obscured our bright day,
And envelop'd the sun of AMERICAN glory;
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And barter'd their God, for his image in gold,

CHORUS.

That ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

While FRANCE her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May Peace like the dove, who return'd from the flood,
Find an Ark of abode in our mild Constitution;
But tho peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our Sovereignty, Justice, or Fame,

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms,
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision!
Let them bring all the vassals of EUROPE in arms,
We're a World by ourselves, and disdain a division;

While with patriot pride,
 To our laws we're allied,
 No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crown'd with imperial oak,
 Whose roots like our Liberty ages have nourish'd,
 But long e'er the nation submits to the yoke,
 Not a tree shall be left on the soil where it flourish'd.
 Should invasion impend,
 Every grove would descend,
 From the hill tops they shaded, our shores to defend.

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy vile anarchy's worm,
 Lest our liberty's growth should be check'd by corrosion,
 Then let clouds thicken round us, we heed not the storm,
 Our earth fears no shock, but the earth's own explosion,
 Foes assail us in vain,
 Tho' their fleets bridge the main,
 For our altars, and claims, with our lives we'll maintain.

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
 Its bolts can ne'er rend FREEDOM's temple asunder;
 For unmoved at its portal would WASHINGTON stand,
 And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder,
 His sword from its sleep,
 In its scabbard would leap,
 And conduct with its point every flash to the deep.

CHORUS.

For ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let FAME to the world, sound AMERICA's voice,
 No intrigue can her sons from their government sever;
 Its wise regulations, and laws are their choice,
 And shall flourish till LIBERTY, slumber for ever.
 Then unite heart and hand,
 Like Leonidas' band;
 And swear by the GOD of the ocean, and land;

CHORUS.

That ne'er shall the sons of COLUMBIA be slaves,
 While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

 SONG.

Tune—Anacreon in Heaven.

To COLUMBIA, who gladly reclined at her ease,
 On ATLANTIC's broad bosom, lie smiling in peace,

MINERVA flew hastily, sent from above,
And address her this message from thundering JOVE :

Rouse, quickly awake,
Your FREEDOM's at stake,

Storms arise, your renown'd INDEPENDENCE to shake,
Then lose not a moment, my aid I will lend,
If your sons will assemble your RIGHTS to defend.

Roused COLUMBIA rose up, and indignant declared,
That no nation she had wrong'd, and no nation she fear'd,
That she wished not for war, but if war were her fate,
She would rally up souls independent and great.

Then tell mighty JOVE,
That we quickly will prove,

We deserve the protection he'll send from above ;
For ne'er shall the sons of AMERICA bend,
But united their RIGHTS and their FREEDOM defend.

MINERVA smiled cheerfully as she withdrew,
Enraptured to find her AMERICANS true,
“ For, said she, our sly MERCURY oft times reports,
That your sons are divided”—COLUMBIA retorts,

“ Tell that vile god of thieves,
His report but deceives,

And we care not what madman such nonsense believes,
For ne'er shall the sons of AMERICA bend,
But united their RIGHTS and their FREEDOM defend.”

JOVE rejoiced in COLUMBIA such union to see,
And swore by old Styx she deserved to be free ;

Then assembled the GODS, who all gave consent,
 Their assistance if needful her ill to prevent;

MARS arose, shook his armour,
 And swore his old Farmer

Should ne'er in his country see ought that could harm her,
 For ne'er should the sons of AMERICA bend,
 But united their RIGHTS and their FREEDOM defend.

MINERVA resolved that her Ægis she'd lend,
 And APOLLO declared he their cause would defend,
 Old VULCAN an armour would forge for their aid,
 More firm than the one for ACHILLES he made.

JOVE vow'd he'd prepare,
 A compound most rare,

Of courage, and union, a bountiful share;
 And swore ne'er shall the sons of AMERICA bend,
 But their RIGHTS and their FREEDOM most firmly defend.

Ye sons of COLUMBIA then join hand in hand,
 Divided we fall, but united we stand;
 'Tis ours to determine, 'tis ours to decree,
 That in peace we will live INDEPENDENT and FREE;

And should from afar
 Break the horrors of war,

We'll always be ready at once to declare,
 That ne'er will the sons of AMERICA bend,
 But united their RIGHTS and their FREEDOM defend.

The following story, ridiculous as it is, is a fact. A farmer at New Shoreham, near Brighthelmstone, having voted at an election for a member of parliament contrary to the pleasure of three neighbouring justices, they took revenge on his dog, which they caused to be hanged, for starting a hare upon the high road.

FARMER SHORT'S DOG, PORTER,

A TALE.

THREE justices (so says my tale)
 Once met upon the public weal.
 For learning, law, and parts profound,
 Their fame was spread the county round ;
 Each by his wondrous art could tell
 Of things as strange, as Sydrophele ;
 Or by the help of sturdy ale,
 So cleverly could tell a tale,
 That half the gaping standers by
 Would laugh aloud ; the rest would cry.
 Or by the help of nobler wine,
 Would knotty points so nice define,
 That in an instant right was wrong,
 Yet did not hold that station long,
 For while they talk'd of wrong and right,
 The question vanisht out of sight.
 Each knew by practice where to turn
 To every powerful page in BURN,
 And could by help of note and book
 Talk law like LITTLETON and COKE.

Each knew by instinct when and where
 A farmer caught or kill'd a hare ;
 Could tell if any man had got
 One hundred pounds per ann. or not ;
 Or what was greater, could divine
 If it was only ninety-nine.
 For when the hundred wanted one,
 They took away the owner's gun.

Knew by the leering of an eye
 If girls had lost their chastity,
 And if they had not—would divine
 Some way to make their virtue shine.

These learned brothers being assembled
 (At which the country fear'd and trembled),
 A warrant sent to bring before 'em,
 One Farmer Short, who dwelt at Shoreham,
 Upon a great and heavy charge,
 Which we shall here relate at large,
 That those who were not there may read,
 In after days the mighty deed :

Viz.

" That he," the 'foresaid " Farmer Short,
 " Being by the devil moved, had not
 " One hundred pounds per annum got ;
 " That having not (in form likewise)
 " The fear of God before his eyes,

}

" By force and arms did keep and cherish,
 " Within the aforesaid town and parish,
 " Against the statute so provided,
 " A dog. And there the dog abided.
 " That he, this dog, did then and there,
 " Pursue and take and kill a hare ;
 " Which treason was, or some such thing,
 " Against our SOVEREIGN LORD THE KING."

The constable was bid to jog,
 And bring the farmer—not the dog.

But fortune, whose perpetual wheel
 Grinds disappointment sharp as steel,
 On purpose to attack the pride
 Of those who over others ride,
 So nicely brought the matter round,
 That Farmer Short could not be found,
 Which plunged the bench in so much doubt
 They knew not what to go about.

But after pondering, pro and con,
 And mighty reasonings thereupon,
 They found on opening of the laws,
 That he, the dog aforesaid, was
 By being privy to the fact,
 Within the meaning of the act,
 And since the master had withdrawn,
 And was the Lord knows whither gone,
 They judged it right, and good in law,
 That he, the dog, should answer for

Such crimes as they by proof could show
 Were acted by himself and Co.
 The constable again was sent,
 To bring the dog ; or dread the event.

POOR PORTER, right before the door,
 Was guarding of his master's store ;
 And as the constable approach'd him,
 He caught him by the leg and broach'd him ;
 POOR PORTER thought (if dogs can think)
 He came to steal his master's chink.

The man, by virtue of his staff,
 Bid people help ; not stand and laugh ;
 On which a mighty rout began ;
 Some blamed the dog, and some the man.
 Some said he had no business there,
 Some said he had business every where.
 At length the constable prevail'd,
 And those who would not help were jail'd ;
 And taking PORTER by the collar,
 Commanded all the guards to follow.

The justices received the felon,
 With greater form than I can tell on,
 And quitting now their wine and punch,
 Began upon him, all at once.

At length a curious quibble rose,
 How far the law could interpose,

For it was proved, and rightly too,
 That he, the dog, did not pursue
 The hare, with any ill intent,
 But only follow'd by the scent ;
 And she, the hare, by running hard,
 Thro hedge and ditch, without regard,
 Plunged in a pond, and there was drown'd,
 And by a neighboring justice found ;
 Wherefore, though he the hare annoy'd,
 It can't be said that he destroy'd ;
 It even can't be proved he beat her,
 And " to destroy," must mean, " to eat her."
 Did you e'er see a gamester struck,
 With all the symptoms of ill luck ?
 Or mark the visage which appears,
 When even HOPE herself despairs ?
 So look'd the bench, and every brother,
 Sad pictures drew of one another ;
 Till one more learned than the rest,
 Rose up, and thus the court addressed.
 " Why, gentlemen, I'll tell ye how,
 " Ye may clear up this matter now,
 " For I am of opinion strong
 " The dog deserves, and should be hung.
 " I'll prove it by as plain a case,
 " As is the nose upon your face.

" Now if, suppose, a man, or so,
 " Should be obliged, or not to go,

" About, or not about a case,
 " To this, or that, or t'other place;
 " And if another man, for fun,
 " Should fire a pistol (viz.) a gun,
 " And he, the first, by knowing not
 " That he, the second man had shot,
 " Should undesign'dly meet the bullet,
 " Against the throat (in Greek) the gullet,
 " And get such mischief by the hit
 " As should unsense him of his wit,
 " And if that after that he died,
 " D'ye think the other mayn't be tried?
 " Most sure he must, and hang'd, because
 " He fired his gun against the laws :
 " For 'tis a case most clear and plain,
 " Had A. not shot, B. had not been slain:
 " So had the dog not chased the hare,
 " She never had been drown'd—that's clear.

This logic, rhetoric, and wit,
 So nicely did the matter hit,
 That PORTER—tho unheard, was cast,
 And in a halter breathed his last.
 The justices adjourned to dine,
 And whet their logic up with wine.

SONG,
ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

IN a mouldering cave where the wretched retreat,
 BRITANNIA sat wasted with care;
 She mourn'd for her WOLFE, and exclaim'd against fate,
 And gave herself up to despair.
 The walls of her cell she had sculptured around
 With the feats of her favorite son;
 And even the dust, as it lay on the ground,
 Was engraved with the deeds he had done.

The sire of the GODS from his crystalline throne
 Beheld the disconsolate dame,
 And moved with her tears he sent MERCURY down,
 And these were the tidings that came.
 BRITANNIA forbear, not a sigh nor a tear
 For thy WOLFE so deservedly loved,
 Your tears shall be changed into triumphs of joy,
 For thy WOLFE is not dead but removed.

The sons of the East, the proud giants of old,
 Have crept from their darksome abodes,
 And this is the news as in Heaven it was told,
 They were marching to war with the Gods;
 A council was held in the chambers of JOVE,
 And this was their final decree,
 That WOLFE should be called to the armies above,
 And the charge was entrusted to me.

To the plains of QUEBEC with the orders I flew,
 He begg'd for a moment's delay;
 He cry'd, Oh! forbear, let me victory hear,
 And then thy command I'll obey.
 With a darksome thick film I encompass'd his eyes,
 And bore him away in an urn,
 Lest the fondness he bore to his own native shore,
 Should induce him again to return.

This Song was written immediately after the Death of General Wolfe. At this time a prize was offered for the best Epitaph on that celebrated hero. Of these Epitaphs I have a manuscript collection of eighteen. Mr. Paine entered the list among other competitors, but his matter growing too long for an Epitaph, and assuming another shape, he entitled it an Ode; and it was so published in the Gentleman's Magazine. It was soon after set to music, became a popular song, and was sung at the Anacreontic and other societies.—ED.

THE SNOW-DROP AND CRITIC, A DIALOGUE.

To the Editor of the Pennsylvanian Magazine, 1775.

Sir,

I have given your very modest "Snow Drop"* what I think Shakspeare calls—"a local habitation and a name;" that is, I have made a poet of him, and have sent him to take possession of a page in your next magazine: here he

* Introduction or Preface to No. 1.—See p. 3. Miscellaneous Letters and Essays, Political Works, Vol. II.

comes disputing with a critic, about the propriety of a prologue.

Enter CRITIC and SNOW DROP.

CRITIC.

Prologues to magazines!—the man is mad,
No magazine, a prologue ever had;
But let us hear, what new, and mighty things,
Your wonder working magic fancy brings.

SNOW-DROP.

Bit by the muse in an unlucky hour,
I've left myself at home, and turn'd a flower;
And thus disguised came forth to tell my tale,
A plain white SNOW DROP gather'd from the vale;
I come to sing that summer is at hand,
The summer time of wit you'll understand;
And that this garden of our magazine,
Will soon exhibit such a pleasing scene,
That even critics shall admire the show,
If their good grace will give us time to grow:
Beneath the surface of the parent earth,
We've various seeds just struggling into birth;
Plants, fruits, and flowers, and all the smiling race,
That can the orchard, or the garden grace;
Our numbers Sir, so vast and endless are,
That when in full complexion we appear;
Each eye, each hand, shall pluck what suits its taste,
And every palate shall enjoy a feast;
The ROSE, and LILY, shall address the fair,
And whisper sweetly out, "My dears, take care;"

With sterling worth the **PLANT OF SENSE** shall rise,
 And teach the curious to philosophize ;
 The keen-eyed wit shall claim the **SCENTED BRIAR**,
 And sober cites the **SOLID GRAIN** admire ;
 While generous juices sparkling from the **VINE**,
 Shall warm the audience till they cry—divine !
 And when the scenes of one gay month are o'er,
 Shall clap their hands, and shout—encore ! encore !

CRITIC.

All this is mighty fine ! but prithee when,
 The frost returns, how fight ye then your men ?

SNOW-DROP.

I'll tell you, sir ! we'll garnish out the scenes,
 With stately rows of hardy **EVERGREENS**,
 Trees that will bear the frost and deck their tops
 With everlasting flowers, like diamond drops,
 We'll draw, and paint, and carve, with so much skill,
 That wondering wits shall cry, diviner still !

CRITIC.

Better, and better, yet ! but now suppose,
 Some critic wight in mighty verse, or prose,
 Should draw his gray goose weapon, dipt in gall,
 And mow ye down **PLANTS, FLOWERS, TREES, and ALL.**

SNOW-DROP.

Why then, we'll die like **FLOWERS OF SWEET PERFUME**,
 And yield a fragrance, even in the **TOMB !**

IMPROMPTU
ON
BACHELORS' HALL,

At Philadelphia, being destroyed by Lightning, 1775.

Fair VENUS so often was mist from the skies,
And BACCHUS as frequently absent likewise,
That the synod began to enquire out the reason,
Suspecting the culprits were plotting of treason.
At length it was found they had open'd a ball
At a place by the mortals call'd BACHELORS' HALL;
Where VENUS disclosed every fun she could think of,
And BACCHUS made nectar for mortals to drink of.
JOVE highly displeas'd at such riotous doings,
Sent TIME to reduce the whole building to ruins;
But TIME was so slack with his traces and dashes,
That JOVE in a passion consumed it to ashes.

LIBERTY TREE,

A Song, written early in the American Revolution.

Tune—"Gods of the Greeks."

In a chariot of light, from the regions of day,
The GODDESS of LIBERTY came,
Ten thousand celestials directed her way,
And hither conducted the dame.

A fair budding branch from the gardens above,
 Where millions with millions agree,
 She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
 And the plant she named LIBERTY TREE.

The celestial exotic struck deep in the ground,
 Like a native it flourish'd and bore:
 The fame of its fruit drew the nations around,
 To seek out this peaceable shore.
 Unmindful of names or distinctions they came,
 For freemen like brothers agree;
 With one spirit endued, they one friendship pursued,
 And their temple was LIBERTY TREE.

Beneath this fair tree, like the patriarchs of old,
 Their bread in contentment they ate,
 Unvexed with the troubles of silver or gold,
 The cares of the grand and the great.
 With timber and tar they Old England supplied,
 And supported her power on the sea:
 Her battles they fought, without getting a groat,
 For the honour of LIBERTY TREE.

But hear, O ye swains (tis a tale most profane),
 How all the tyrannical powers,
 King, commons, and lords, are uniting amain,
 To cut down this guardian of ours.
 From the east to the west blow the trumpet to arms,
 Thro the land let the sound of it flee:
 Let the far and the near all unite with a cheer,
 In defence of our LIBERTY TREE.

VERSES TO A FRIEND,
AFTER A LONG CONVERSATION ON WAR.

• THE rain pours down, the city looks forlorn,
And gloomy subjects suit the howling morn ;
Close by my fire, with door and window fast,
And safely shelter'd from the driving blast,
To gayer thoughts I bid a day's adieu,
To spend a scene of solitude with you.

So oft has black revenge engross'd the care
Of all the leisure hours man finds to spare ;
So oft has guilt in all her thousand dens,
Call'd for the vengeance of chastising pens ;
That while I fain would ease my heart on you,
No thought is left untold, no passion new.

From flight to flight the mental path appears,
Worn with the steps of near six thousand years,
And fill'd throughout with every scene of pain,
From modern murderers down to murderous Cain.
Alike in cruelty, alike in hate,
In guilt alike, but more alike in fate,
Cursed supremely for the blood they drew,
Each from the rising world, while each was new.

Go, men of blood! true likeness of the first,
 And strew your blasted heads with homely dust :
 In ashes sit—in wretched sackcloth weep,
 And with unpitied sorrows cease to sleep.
 Go haunt the tombs, and single out the place
 Where earth itself shall suffer a disgrace.
 Go spell the letters on some mouldering urn,
 And ask if he who sleeps there can return.
 Go count the numbers that in silence lie,
 And learn by study what it is to die;
 For sure your heart, if any heart you own,
 Conceits that man expires without a groan ;
 That he who lives receives from you a grace,
 Or death is nothing but a change of place :
 That peace is dull, that joy from sorrow springs,
 And war the most desirable of things.
 Else why these scenes that wound the feeling mind,
 This sport of death—this cockpit of mankind !
 Why sobs the widow in perpetual pain ?
 Why cries the orphan,—“ Oh ! my father’s slain !”
 Why hangs the sire his paralytic head,
 And nods with manly grief—“ My son is dead !”
 Why drops the tear from off the sister’s cheek,
 And sweetly tells the misery she would speak ?
 Or why, in sorrow sunk, does pensive John
 To all the neighbours tell, “ Poor master’s gone ?”

Oh ! could I paint the passion that I feel,
 Or point a horror that would wound like steel,

To each unfeeling, unrelenting mind,
 I'd send destruction and relieve mankind.
 You that are husbands, fathers, brothers, all
 The tender names which kindred learn to call;
 Yet like an image carved in massy stone,
 You bear the shape, but sentiment have none;
 Allied by dust and figure, not with mind,
 You only herd, but live not with mankind.

Since then no hopes to civilize remain,
 And mild philosophy has preach'd in vain,
 One prayer is left which dreads no proud reply,
 That he who made you breathe will make you die.

LINES

SENT TO SIR ROBERT SMITH,

The morning after asking Mr. Paine over night the question

WHAT IS LOVE?

Paris, 1800.

'Tis that delightful transport we can feel,
 Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
 Nor any art we know of,—can conceal.
 Canst thou describe the sun-beams to the blind,
 Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?

So neither can we by description show
This first of all felicities below.

When happy LOVE pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll ;
When CONTEMPLATION spreads her rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings :
How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams repeat the raptures of the day ;
We live in ecstasy to all things kind,
For LOVE can teach a moral to the mind.
But are there not some other marks that prove,
What is this wonder of the soul, call'd LOVE?

O yes, there are, but of a different kind,
The dreadful horrors of a dismal mind.
Some jealous fury throws her poison'd dart
And rends in pieces the distracted heart.

When LOVE's a tyrant, and the soul a slave,
No hopes remain to thought, but in the grave ;
In that dark den, it sees an end to grief,
And what was once its dread, becomes relief.

What are the iron chains that hands have wrought?
The hardest chains to break, are those of thought.
Think well of this, ye lovers, and be kind,
Nor play with torture—or a tortured mind.

IMPROMPTU
ON
A LONG NOSED FRIEND.*

Paris, 1800.

GOING along the other day,
Upon a certain plan;
I met a nose upon the way,
Behind it—was a man.

I called unto the nose to stop,
And when it had done so,—
The man behind it—he came up,
They made ZENOBIO.

THE STRANGE STORY OF
KORAH, DATHAN, AND ABIRAM,

Numbers, Chap. xvi. accounted for.

OLD ballads sing of Chevy-chace,
Beneath whose rueful shade,
Full many a valiant man was slain,
And many a widow made.

* Count Zenobio.

But I will tell of one much worse,
 That happ'd in days of yore,
 All in the barren wilderness,
 Beside the Jordan shore ;

Where Moses led the people forth,
 Call'd chosen tribes of God ;
 And fed them forty years with quails,
 And ruled them with a rod.

A dreadful fray once rose among
 These self-named tribes of I am ;
 Where Korah fell, and by his side
 Fell Dathan and Abûram.

An earthquake swallow'd thousands up,
 And fire came down like stones ;
 Which slew their sons and daughters all,
 Their wives and little ones.

'Twas all about old Aaron's tythes
 This murdering quarrel rose ;
 For tythes are worldly things of old,
 That lead from words to blows.

A Jew of Venice has explain'd,
 In the language of his nation,
 The manner how this fray began,
 Of which here is translation.

There was a widow old and poor,
 Who scarce herself could keep;
 Her stock of goods was very small,
 Her flock one single sheep.

And when the time of shearing came,
 She counted much her gains;
 For now, said she, I shall be blest,
 With plenty for my pains.

When Aaron heard the sheep was shear'd,
 And gave a good increase,
 He straightway sent his tything-man,
 And took away the fleece.

At this the weeping widow went
 To Korah to complain,
 And Korah he to Aaron went
 In order to explain.

But Aaron said, in such a case,
 There can be no forbearing,
 The law ordains that thou shalt give
 The first fleece of thy shearing.

When lambing time was come about,
 This sheep became a dam;
 And bless'd the widow's mournful heart,
 By bringing forth a lamb.

When Aaron heard the sheep had young,
 He staid till it was grown,
 And then he sent his tything man,
 And took it for his own.

Again the weeping widow went
 To Korah with her grief,
 But Aaron said, in such a case,
 There could be no relief.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
 That whilst thou keep'st the stock,
 Thou shalt present unto the Lord
 The firstling of thy flock.

The widow then in deep distress,
 And having nought to eat,
 Against her will she kill'd the sheep,
 To feed upon the meat.

When Aaron heard the sheep was kill'd,
 He sent and took a limb;
 Which by the holy law he said
 Pertained unto him.

For in the holy law 'tis writ,
 That when thou kill'st a beast,
 Thou shalt a shoulder and a breast
 Present unto the priest.

The widow then worn out with grief,
 Sat down to mourn and weep,
 And in a fit of passion said,
 The devil take the sheep.

Then Aaron took the whole away,
 And said the laws record,
 That all and each devoted thing
 Belongs unto the Lord.

The widow went among her kin,
 The tribes of Israel rose;
 And all the widows young and old,
 Pull'd Aaron by the nose.

But Aaron call'd an earthquake up,
 And fire from out the sky;
 And all the consolation is—
 The ***** tells a lie.

Mr. Paine, while in prison at Paris, as has been before mentioned, corresponded with a lady under the signature of "The Castle in the Air," while she addressed her letters from "The Little Corner of the World." For reasons which he knew not, their intercourse was suddenly suspended, and for some time he believed his fair friend to be in obscurity and distress. Many years afterwards how-

ever, he met her unexpectedly at Paris, in affluent circumstances, and married to Sir Robert Smith. The following is a copy of one of these poetical effusions.

From the CASTLE IN THE AIR to THE LITTLE
CORNER OF THE WORLD.

In the region of clouds, where the whirlwinds arise,
My CASTLE of FANCY was built;
The turrets reflected the blue of the skies,
And the windows with sun-beams were gilt.

The rainbow sometimes in its beautiful state,
Enamell'd the mansion around;
And the figures that fancy in clouds can create,
Supplied me with gardens and ground.

I had grottoes, and fountains, and orange-tree groves,
I had all that enchantment has told;
I had sweet shady walks, for the GODS and their LOVES,
I had mountains of coral and gold.

But a storm that I felt not, had risen and roll'd,
While wrapp'd in a slumber I lay;
And when I look'd out in the morning, behold
My CASTLE was carried away.

It past over rivers, and vallies, and groves,
 The world it was all in my view ;
 I thought of my friends, of their fates, of their loves,
 And often, full often of you.

At length it came over a beautiful scene,
 That NATURE in silence had made ;
 The place was but small, but 'twas sweetly serene,
 And chequer'd with sunshine, and shade.

I gazed, and I envied with painful goodwill,
 And grew tired of my seat in the air ;
 When all of a sudden my CASTLE stood still,
 As if some attraction was there.

Like a lark from the sky it came fluttering down,
 And placed me exactly in view,
 When who should I meet, in this charming retreat,
 This corner of calmness, but you.

Delighted to find you in honour and ease,
 I felt no more sorrow, nor pain ;
 But the wind coming fair, I ascended the breeze,
 And went back with my CASTLE again.

*The People of the State of New-York, by the Grace
of God, Free and Independent, to all to whom these
presents shall come or may concern,*

SEND GREETING:

KNOW YE, That the annexed is a true copy of the will of THOMAS PAINE, deceased, as recorded in the office of our surrogate, in and for the city and county of New-York. In testimony whereof, we have caused the seal of office of our said surrogate to be hereunto affixed. Witness, Silvanus Miller, Esq. surrogate of said county, at the city of New-York, the twelfth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and nine, and of our Independence the thirty-fourth.

SILVANUS MILLER.

THOMAS PAINE.

The last will and testament of me, the subscriber, THOMAS PAINE, reposing confidence in my Creator God, and in no other being, for I know of no other, nor believe in any other,—I Thomas Paine, of the state of New-York, author of the work entitled ‘Common Sense,’ written in Philadelphia, in 1775, and published in that city the beginning of January 1776, which awaked America to a Declaration of Independence on the fourth of July following, which was as fast as the work could spread through such an extensive country; author also of the several numbers of the American Crisis, “thirteen in all,”

published occasionally during the progress of the revolutionary war—the last is on the peace; author also of the ‘Rights of Man,’ parts the first and second, written and published in London, in 1791 and 92; author also of a work on religion, ‘Age of Reason’ part the first and second (“N. B. I have a third part by me in manuscript and an answer to the Bishop of Llandaff;”) author also of a work lately published, entitled ‘Examination of the Passages in the New Testament quoted from the Old, and called Prophecies concerning Jesus Christ,’ and shewing there are no prophecies of any such person; author also of several other works not here enumerated, “Dissertations on First Principles of Government”—“Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance”—“Agrarian Justice,” &c. &c. make this my last will and testament, that is to say: I give and bequeath to my executors herein after appointed, Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, thirty shares I hold in the New-York Phoenix Insurance Company which cost me 1470 dollars, they are worth now upwards of 1500 dollars, and all my moveable effects, and also the money that may be in my trunk or elsewhere at the time of my decease, paying thereout the expences of my funeral, IN TRUST as to the said shares, moveables and money for Margaret Brazier Bonneville, wife of Nicholas Bonneville, of Paris, for her own sole and separate use, and at her own disposal, notwithstanding her coverture. As to my farm in New-Rochelle, I give, devise, and bequeath the same to my said executors Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, and to the survivor of them,

his heirs and assigns for ever, IN TRUST, nevertheless, to sell and dispose of the north side thereof, now in the occupation of Andrew A. Dean, beginning at the west end of the orchard and running in a line with the land sold to — Coles to the end of the farm, and to apply the money arising from such sale as hereinafter directed. I give to my friends Walter Morton, of the New-York Phoenix Insurance Company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor at law, late of Ireland, two hundred dollars each, and one hundred dollars to Mrs. Palmer, widow of Elihu Palmer, late of New-York, to be paid out of the money arising from said sale, and I give the remainder of the money arising from that sale, one half thereof to Clio Rickman,* of High or Upper Mary-la-Bonne street, London, and the other half to Nicholas Bonneville, of Paris, husband of Margaret B. Bonneville aforesaid: and as to the south part of the said farm, containing upwards of one hundred acres, in trust to rent out the same or otherwise put it to profit, as shall be found most advisable, and to pay the rents and profits thereof to the said Margaret B. Bonneville, in trust for her children, Benjamin Bonneville, and Thomas Bonneville, their education and

THOMAS PAINE.

* Not a stiver did I ever get, and how the executors can justify their conduct towards me, I know not. Walter Morton has deceived, and used me very scandalously, about this legacy: this may not surprise, but that Thomas Addis Emmet, the expatriated republican from Ireland, should not do me justice in this business, remains unexplained, hurts my feelings exceedingly, and has injured me deeply.

maintenance, until they come to the age of twenty-one years, in order that she may bring them well up, give them good and useful learning, and instruct them in their duty to God, and the practice of morality, the rent of the land or the interest of the money for which it may be sold, as herein after mentioned, to be employed in their education. And after the youngest of the said children shall have arrived at the age of twenty-one years, in further trust to convey the same to the said children share and share alike in fee simple. But if it shall be thought advisable to my executors and executrix, or the survivor or survivors of them, at any time before the youngest of the said children shall come of age, to sell and dispose of the said south side of the said farm, in that case I hereby authorise and empower my said executors to sell and dispose of the same, and I direct that the money arising from such sale be put into stock, either in the United States bank stock or New York Phoenix insurance company stock, the interest or dividends thereof to be applied as is already directed for the education and maintenance of the said children; and the principal to be transferred to the said children or the survivor of them on his or their coming of age. I know not if the society of people called quakers admit a person to be buried in their burying ground, who does not belong to their society, but if they do or will admit me, I would prefer being buried there: my father belonged to that profession, and I was partly brought up in it. But if it is not consistent with their rules to do this, I desire to be buried on my own

THOMAS PAINE.

farm at New-Rochelle. The place where I am to be buried to be a square of twelve feet, to be enclosed with rows of trees, and a stone or post and rail fence, with a head stone with my name and age engraved upon it, author of 'Common Sense.' I nominate, constitute, and appoint Walter Morton, of the New York Phoenix Insurance Company, and Thomas Addis Emmet, counsellor at law, late of Ireland, and Margaret B. Bonneville, executors and executrix to this my last will and testament, requesting the said Walter Morton and Thomas Addis Emmet, that they will give what assistance they conveniently can to Mrs. Bonneville, and see that the children be well brought up. Thus placing confidence in their friendship, I herewith take my final leave of them and of the world. I have lived an honest and useful life to mankind; my time has been spent in doing good; and I die in perfect composure and resignation to the will of my Creator God. Dated this eighteenth day of January, in the year one thousand eight hundred and nine, and I have also signed my name to the other sheet of this will in testimony of its being a part thereof.

THOMAS PAINE.

THOMAS PAINE, [L. s.]

Signed, sealed, published and declared by the testator, in our presence, who at his request, and in the presence of each other, have set our names as witnesses thereto, the words "published and declared" first interlined.

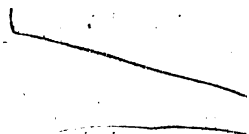
WM. KEESE,
JAMES ANGEVINE,
CORNELIUS RYDER.

LIST
OF
MR. PAINE'S WORKS.

- Trial of Dog Porter, about 1770, printed at Lewes.
Case of Excismen, 1772, printed at Lewes, octavo.
Introduction to the Pennsylvanian Magazine, January 24,
1775, do.
To the publisher of do. on the utility of Magazines, no
place no date, do,
Philadelphia, 1775, (supposed) do.
Useful and entertaining Hints on the internal Riches of the
Colonies, Pennsylvanian Magazine, Philadelphia,
1775, do.
Reflections on the Death of Lord Clive, Pennsylvanian
Magazine, (not seen,) do.
New Anecdote of Alexander the Great, Pennsylvanian
Magazine, 1775, do.
Common Sense, Philadelphia, January 1776, do.
The Crisis, 16 numbers, from Dec. 23, 1776, to Dec. 9,
1783, do.
Letter to Abbé Raynall, Philadelphia, 1782, do.
Public Good, being an Examination of the Claim of Vir-
ginia to the Vacant Western Territory, &c. Philadel-
phia, 1784, do.
Dissertation on Government, the Affairs of Bank and
Paper-Money, Philadelphia, 1786, do.

WJ²

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WJ 2

WJ 2

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WJ 2

